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If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—De Foe.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Mr. Layard's telegrams have given yet another new turn to the Eastern Question. If it proves to be true that the Russians have occupied the defences of Constantinople in pursuance of the terms of the armistice, we have been deceived by two parties—the Porte as well as the Russian Government. The statement of the Porte to Mr. Layard, that it cannot understand the Russian proceedings, carries absurdity, if not chicanery, on its face. It is palpably incredible that the Russians can have occupied Tchataldja, or any other portion of what a contemporary's printer has happily called the "checkmaking" lines, without the consent of the Turkish troops, or that the Turks have evacuated these positions without orders from head-quarters. It is, however, idle to speculate whether Prince Gortschakoff or Mr. Layard is the better informed or the more truthful. Mr. Layard is probably only in a position to repeat what he is told by the Turkish officials; but if he should prove to have trusted too implicitly to what they told him, it will be high time for the Government to take into consideration Sir W. Harcourt's hint that they should employ a more cautious ambassador. If the information is true, the Russian Government has clearly violated in spirit if not in letter its assurances that it would not occupy Constantinople for the sake of military honour but only if the step were rendered necessary by the march of events. They may perhaps plead that the threatening attitude of Lord Beaconsfield's Cabinet is such an event, rendering it necessary for them to use all their opportunities to make further resistance on the part of the Porte impossible. But that will hardly be accepted as a sufficient apology, or prevent the new move, if it has been taken, from confirming the most unfavourable views as to the untrustworthiness of Russian diplomacy.

At last one of the most wonderful Pontificates in the annals of the Roman Catholic Church has come to an end. Pius IX. has not long survived Victor Emmanuel. He died on Thursday, at six in the afternoon, and the opportuneness of his death is almost as miraculous as his long life. He could not possibly have chosen a more disturbed period of European politics in which to give scope for the intrigues of a new election. The inheritors of his policy could not have been left with a better opportunity for out-manœuvring its enemies. His death at this moment is the best confirmation he has yet given of his infallibility. The life of Pio Nono is an extraordinary instance of the amount of harm that may be done by a personally amiable man. He carried into his manhood the virtues and the vices of a child, a child's bright spirits and playfulness, a child's petulance, a child's uncontrollable vindictiveness, and, most dangerous quality of all, a child's amenability to flatterers. How much of the policy which has made his Pontificate an epoch in the history of the Church was due to his own initiative, and how much to the suggestions of counsellors who watched his moods and played upon his insatiable vanity, will never be known. Cardinals, dead or alive, tell no tales.

Who will be Pio Nono's successor? The old proverb about Conclaves, that "he who enters them Pope comes out a Cardinal," was, as we have before said, never more true than now. The new Pope is almost certain to be an Italian. Three years ago, when nearly all the Cardinals were in immediate attendance at the Papal Curia, this would have been absolutely certain, but the numbers of the Sacred College have been so increased of late that the Italian members can no longer command among themselves the requisite majority of two-thirds. Signor Bonghi, in his recent work on 'Pio IX. and the Future Pope,' mentioned as *Cardinali papabili*, or eligible Popes, the following names:—Pecci, Morichini, De Luca, Bilio, Monaco la Valletta, Simeoni, and Franchi. On which of these the mantle of Infallibility will fall, even the wisest head at the Vatican is probably not yet in a position to say. If the new Pope should frankly accept the traditions of his office, and begin by reversing everything that has been done by his predecessor, should call a new Council to relieve him, if that is possible, of his formal infallibility, should set himself to undo the centralising process by which his predecessor reduced all the hierarchy beneath himself to the position of wheels in a machine, should issue a new Syllabus removing the Papal anathema from modern thought, and should put the Church everywhere in alliance with popular aspirations, there is room for him to make his Pontificate more wonderful, and at the same time much more dangerous to human freedom, than that of Pio Nono. His "eye" might become as "evil" to liberty as his predecessor's has proved to despotism. The Church might be saved—but we hope for better things.

It is impossible not to contrast the sentences in the Emperor of Germany's speech to his Parliament relating to law reform with the sentence on the same subject in the Queen's Speech to our own Parliament. The latter mentioned little more than a Bill for the purpose of simplifying and consolidating the law of criminal procedure. The former states that a series of legal reforms, far surpassing anything that an English Parliament ever dealt with, has been all but completed. Since 1871 the German Parliament has been hard at

work in creating a rational legal system. It has codified mercantile law; it has done the same with the criminal law. It has also managed, after much trouble, and a great many disputes among the different States, to create a code of procedure which is largely borrowed from the English practice. The Emperor now announces that there will be laid before the Parliament, Bills for regulating the profession of advocate and the questions of costs. To be sure, the Germans had much leeway to make up. The most learned nation in Europe had, until the other day, an utterly barbarous legal system—a sort of cross between the Star Chamber and the unreformed Court of Chancery. But the fact is, that the Germans have set about law reform with all the vigour and thoroughness which they display in regard to war. They have threshed out the various schemes before submitting them to Parliament, and they have not launched crude Bills which excited just opposition. Our soldiers had to learn the art of war from them, and our would-be law reformers would do well to go to school in Germany.

The most melancholy accounts continue to reach us of the prevalence and spread of famine in the north of China. Four of the northern provinces, numbering a population of some seventy-five millions, are at present a prey to this scourge in its most appalling form. For three years no rain has fallen in Shan-si, and some time ago we learned that even well-to-do families in that province had nothing to eat save weeds and leaves, mixed with the scanty produce of their fields—stalks, leaves, and head all ground together to form a kind of meal capable of being made into cakes. The supply of even this wretched sustenance seems now to have failed, and the Governor of Shan-si reports that in the southern section of the province there remain neither bark of trees nor wild herbs to be eaten, and ordinary food stuffs have altogether disappeared. In some places the people had taken to eating earth, and husbands were selling their wives, and parents their children, to provide themselves with food. Dreadful rumours of cannibalism, for which there is probably too much foundation, swell the list of horrors. Sir Thomas Wade, Her Majesty's Minister in China, has recently made an appeal to the public on behalf of the famine-stricken districts in a letter to the *Times* (January 25). Though, as he says, the private benevolence of a foreign nation, already taxed to the utmost, can hope to effect but little towards the mitigation of a calamity of dimensions so stupendous, yet he is "assured that a single guinea would have sufficed to support a single life through the winter now nearly over, and it may be inferred that like assistance will avail to a like end during the spring and summer before us, which, though more tolerable than a winter in the north of China to the poor, will find the people equally unprovided with food." We earnestly hope that Sir Thomas Wade's appeal will meet with a liberal response.

We hope that the new Colonial Secretary will give a thought, some day or other, to the subject of colonial legal appointments. The pick of them will probably always go to the fellows of some favoured Oxford college; but why should our colonists be condemned to the stamp of men who are shipped out as Attorney-Generals? The legal offices in the few colonies which have not taken the matter into their own hands, serve just now as a system of outdoor relief. Some of them are given to gentlemen who have wasted their substance in dissipation or the Tory cause, got called to the bar, and, on the strength of family or party connexion, been sent out to administer law of which they know little in an island of which they know, if possible, less. A favourite mode of obtaining a colonial Chief Justiceship is to stand for a seat in the interest of the party in power. It does not much matter whether the candidate is at the head or the tail of the poll; he is pretty sure to be rewarded with a comfortable post in perhaps a rather warm climate. Colonists have their own view of this mode of judicial preferment, which they express with colonial frankness; and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach could not do a better service than by appointing, instead of decayed politicians and briefless barristers, men in the prime of life who have presumably some knowledge of the duties of a Judge or law officer.

Earl Fortescue, in resigning the chairmanship of the North Devon Liberal Registration Association, says he does so because the Liberals are opposing the vote of six millions. He desires "to furnish the present Government, as he should any other Government holding office under our thoroughly constitutional Queen, with the means of providing the naval and military forces declared by them on their responsibility to be requisite." His lordship apparently complains that the Liberals refuse to give the Government warlike supplies for necessary warlike purposes. Were that the case he would be quite right in what he has said and done. But it is not the case. The Ministry said they wanted the six millions not for a necessary warlike purpose, but as "an outward and visible sign" of the confidence placed in them by the Opposition. They reproduced one of the "situations" of 1854-6, when Mr. Disraeli attacked the Government at a critical time, and laid it down that when Ministers put such an interpretation on any parliamentary act—that is, the interpretation of a vote of confidence—"then he must decide according to the opinion he held," which opinion we could hardly say was that he had no faith in the Ministry. That is just the case now. If Liberals are asked for a vote of credit not to maintain the honour of England, but to obliterate the memory of the blunders Ministers committed last month; if they are asked for a war vote, not for fighting purposes, but to show confidence in the Cabinet, what are they to do? If they have no confidence in the Government, are they to say they have? What would Mr. Cross do if they were to act in such a "lying spirit"? An honourable Government, when it wants money to maintain the honour of the country, does not ask for it in such a manner that their opponents are either forced to refuse it or avow themselves to be liars. Patriotic ministers of the old and chivalrous stamp never stooped to the chicanery of tacking on their party interests to the "maintenance of the honour of England."

The defeat of Captain Fulke Greville in Perthshire is significant. Though he was beaten, he reduced the solid Tory phalanx in this county by 184 votes. He would have probably been successful but for the enormous pressure the landlords put upon their tenants, and the disgraceful tactics of his opponents, who made the country folk believe that the Captain was a Jesuit spy and a Fenian rebel. It is to the credit of his opponent, Colonel Drummond Moray, that he disclaimed all connexion with the doings of his canvassers, and, indeed, is said to have rebuked them for hitting his opponent "below the belt."

It has been asked why most of the votes of confidence in the Ministry that have been given have come from meetings got up for the express purpose of passing votes of "no confidence." The reply is very simple. It is easier for the local Tory organisations to pack their opponents' meetings to such an extent as will render the transactions of business hopeless, than to hold meetings on their own account. The old-fashioned English rule is that when a meeting is held for a specific purpose there is no need to fear that it will be colonised by the enemy an hour before the advertised time for assembling. It is assumed that nobody who disapproves of the object of the meeting will attend it, or, if such a person attends, that he will not make a row. Hence the neutrality party in the country do not guard their meetings from pre-arranged incursions of hired rowdies. These people crowd the halls early, and keep out everybody that refuses to endorse the music-hall cad's foreign policy. They then pass resolutions in favour of war, amid much

confusion, and palm them off as a powerful expression of popular opinion. But when the Ministerialists honestly try to get up a meeting of their own, and show off their full strength fairly, what is the result? What it was in the case of Exeter Hall—a painful demonstration of numerical and intellectual weakness.

It would be heartless to blame the Tory party for trying to crush public opinion by violent displays of rowdyism. They have not the reputation of valuing democratic privileges highly. Public meetings have done a great deal to make the country understand the Eastern policy of the Ministry, and, therefore, to set the sense of the nation against it. But really the line must be drawn somewhere, and, however excusable it may be for a Tory gang to organise a meeting of electors an hour before the advertised time of assembling, so that they may howl down everybody who upholds neutrality, yet one must blame them for conduct such as that of which they were guilty at Lambeth the other day. When the members for that borough went to meet their constituents they found the hall in which they were to speak filled with an organised band of Turcophile rowdies, who drowned everything like a free or independent expression of opinion in frantic yells and howls. Then they stormed the platform, and drove away the people on it. But why did they steal the watches of some of these gentlemen? Will it materially strengthen the hands of Lord Beaconsfield to find that those who, in Lambeth, "have confidence in his policy," are the pick-pockets?

Who is Mr. Girdlestone, the friend of the Sabbath and the foe of the Brighton Aquarium? He was vaguely described in the pleadings read in the Exchequer Court, where Girdlestone *v.* the Brighton Aquarium was argued on Thursday, as "a gentleman"; but we understand that he is an attorney somewhere in the West End. What his object is in bringing an action against a company for exhibiting fishes and playing sacred music on Sunday under a statute passed to put down seditious meetings or judge and jury entertainments, is not so clear. If he thinks to set up a Puritanical Sunday at Brighton by mulcting a respectable company, he is much mistaken. He must not meddle too far with the amusements of the inhabitants and frequenters of Brighton. The Aquarium is a sort of Crystal Palace by the sea. It is the escape from the solemn tedium of a London Sunday, and if Mr. Girdlestone or any other informer persists in abridging the innocent and favourite amusements to be found there, he will stir up a question which once mooted is not likely to be settled in a manner pleasing to the knot of fanatics of whom, we presume, he is the mouthpiece. A few more actions of this ill-advised character, and we shall hear less of moderate demands for the opening of museums and picture-galleries on Sunday, and more of loud undisguised expressions of opinion that a Parisian Sunday, with plenty of *cafés chantants* and all suburban amusements, is required. There is an armistice at present; but if Mr. Girdlestone breaks it, we warn him that he is not likely to gain by doing so.

The statement put forth by the Corporation of Manchester, in reply to the Thirlmere Defence Association, ignores one important point. It does not say whether the additional supply of water is required for the domestic and sanitary purposes of the population within its hydraulic boundaries, or for manufacturing purposes. Of course the Corporation may say that this does not matter. It is bound to supply water to a certain district irrespective of the purposes for which the water is required. It cannot, in justice to its constituents, leave itself without an adequate supply, whether the demand comes from homes or from factories. And this is perfectly true. The Corporation is bound to supply the needs of the district. But, on the other hand, the Corporation should remember that the question of what the water is required for makes a substantial difference in the grounds on which their application is to be considered, when they ask to be allowed to procure supplies at the cost of the natural beauty of a spot in which, rightly or wrongly, a great many people are interested. The defenders of Thirlmere profess themselves willing to sacrifice its beauty and its associations, if the sacrifice is necessary for the health of a large population; but they will not give it up to supply cheap water to manufacturers who can obtain it otherwise at a somewhat greater cost. The Manchester Corporation, indeed, contends that their scheme will improve rather than harm the beauty of the little lake, and will certainly make it bigger; but that is a question of taste.

THE VOTE OF CREDIT.

Some years ago there used to be a game in fashion at Christmas parties in which a cup was placed in the middle of the carpet, and each player in turn was started, stick in hand, from the corner, with his eyes tightly blindfolded, to try and hit it. The amusement of of the game consisted in the spectacle of the players striking wildly about right and left, with only the vaguest glimmering of a notion as to where the object lay which they had to break. Recollections of the game of *Pot-cassé* could hardly fail to suggest themselves during the debate of Thursday night. Speech after speech was made in utter and palpable ignorance of whether the speaker was hitting the point or whether there was even any point to hit. Nominally, the question at issue was as to the expediency of the grant demanded by the Government. Practically, the debate turned upon the speculation whether the Russians were or were not advancing on Constantinople. As the real facts of the case must be known before these lines appear in print, it is idle to discuss the respective credibility of the two contradictory statements submitted to Parliament on the authority of Mr. Layard and Prince Gortschakoff. It is enough to say that, on the one hand, positive information is furnished, which, if true, may possibly modify the whole attitude of England's policy; while, on the other, the truth of this information was denied with equal positiveness. From a late hour on Wednesday rumours had been current that, notwithstanding the armistice, the Russian troops were marching on the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, and throughout Thursday these rumours were confirmed by a series of circumstantial despatches from our Ambassador at the Porte. When the House met to resume the debate on Mr. Forster's amendment, the Government stated their belief that the reported advance of the Russians was an accomplished fact. After such an announcement had been made, there could be no further use in prolonging the debate as to the grant of six millions. Even those who disapproved most strongly of the policy of the Government could not dispute the importance of avoiding even the appearance of party-division on the eve of a crisis involving the greatest national interests. To have gone on with the amendment, in the face of the declaration made by the Ministry at the opening of the debate, would have been a blunder as well as a breach of public duty.

Mr. Forster, therefore, only expressed the sentiments entertained by an overwhelming majority on both sides of the House, when he asked leave to withdraw his amendment. If this proposal had been accepted at once by the Government in the same frank spirit in which it was made, the House of Commons would have avoided a very unedifying and unsatisfactory dispute. Unfortunately, Mr. Rylands's ill-advised suggestion, that the withdrawal of the amendment should be coupled with a proviso for the adjournment of the debate, protracted the discussion; and before that collateral point had been disposed of, an incident occurred which completely altered the whole aspect of affairs. That incident was the sudden production of Prince Gortschakoff's telegram to the Russian Minister

denying the truth of the reported advance on Constantinople. The original impression conveyed to the House by this despatch was not entirely borne out by fuller consideration, but at the time when the Russian telegram was first read out it was believed not only on the Opposition but on the Ministerial benches that the statements, on the strength of which Mr. Forster had withdrawn his amendment, had been proved erroneous, and that Parliament had practically stultified itself owing to an unfortunate misapprehension. This feeling found utterance in Sir William Harcourt's hasty remark that the Government should take immediate steps "to procure trustworthy and reliable information hereafter from Constantinople," and in Mr. Fawcett's proposal that the request for the withdrawal of the amendment should be, in its turn, withdrawn, and that the debate should go on just as if nothing had occurred. The position had become one of extreme difficulty, and, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, the Government would have acted more fairly in acceding to Mr. Forster's request that the debate should be adjourned to the following night. The temptation, however, to snatch a party triumph was too strong to be resisted, while Mr. Gladstone's plea for an adjournment, on the ground that the matter was not "one of very great emergency from day to day," rendered it difficult for the Ministry to consent to a postponement of the debate without disparaging the strength of their own case. A long and desultory discussion ensued, which finally terminated in the withdrawal both of the amendment and of the motion for adjournment.

With this the whole debate should by rights have come to an end, and the question, that "the Speaker do leave the chair," should have been carried without a division. But after what had occurred, the House was too agitated, and too much personal feeling had been excited, for moderate counsels to obtain an immediate hearing. Moreover, a great number of members had speeches already prepared which they had counted on delivering, and which they knew they should have no occasion to deliver if, after all, the reports as to the Russian movements should turn out to be not altogether erroneous. Thus for some hours the time of Parliament was taken up with a rambling controversy, which had very little practical bearing upon the Vote of Credit. Mr. Rylands gave utterance to his own opinion as to the policy which England should pursue at the approaching Conference. Mr. Anderson introduced an utterly irrelevant discussion as to the manner in which England was represented at the funeral of the late King of Italy. Mr. Newdegate revived the memory of Mr. Pitt, and, curiously enough, for once omitted all allusion to the Papacy, though the intelligence of the Pope's decease had just been made public. Mr. Courtney delivered a lecture on the relations of England and Austria; Mr. Walter quoted Lord Byron as an authority on the Eastern Question; and Dr. Kenealy gave the Government the benefit of his adhesion. At last, early on Friday morning, the Chancellor of the Exchequer consented to make a concession which would have terminated the debate half-a-dozen hours earlier, and agreed to postpone the Vote of Credit to the following evening on condition that the motion that the Speaker should leave the Chair should be passed without further delay. The House then divided, and the motion was carried by a majority of 295 to 96. It would be idle to pretend that this result can be satisfactory to the Liberal party. Owing to the indiscreet continuance of the debate after Mr. Forster had declared his intention of not proceeding with his amendment, the Government are enabled to assert, with some show of plausibility, that their policy has been finally endorsed by a majority of within one of 200 votes. As a matter of fact, this contention cannot be sustained, since the vote, in as far as it was given on any intelligible issue at all, was given, not as an expression of confidence, but as a vindication of the general principle that, at moments of national emergency, full liberty of action must be accorded, even by its opponents, to a Government which commands a majority in Parliament. However unsatisfactory Thursday night's debate may have been in many respects, yet it had the advantage of clearing the leaders of the Opposition, in the judgment of all thinking people, from the imputation of any desire to embarrass the Ministry by factious criticism. The position of the Liberals as a party is clear enough. They disapprove of the views on which the foreign policy of the Government is based. They distrust the tactics by which this policy has heretofore been carried out. But they are as determined as the Conservatives to uphold what they regard as the true interests of England. In view of such intelligence as that which had been communicated by the Ministry, and which was only partially modified by the explanations of the Russian Minister, it was impossible to say that English interests might not be jeopardised by the course which events were taking in the East. It was true that no reason had yet been shown to justify the vote of credit demanded by Government. At the same time, the Eastern Question had obviously passed into a stage in which a Government possessed of information not accessible to the world at large could not reasonably be refused a vote which they declared on their solemn responsibility to be essential to the interests of England, The speeches of such Liberals as Mr. Watkin Williams and Mr. Cowen represented the sentiments of a very large section of the Opposition; and though the organs of the Conservative party will doubtless make capital out of the alleged discomfiture of the Opposition, yet the country at large will give credit to the readiness evinced by the leaders of the Liberal party, and the great bulk of their followers, to sacrifice political considerations to the necessity of not hampering the action of the Government at a moment when our national welfare might possibly be at stake.

GREECE AND TURKEY.

Phil-Hellenism as a popular English sentiment belongs to the past. The generation which was horrified by the massacre of Scios, which exulted in the Battle of Navarino, and which felt that the national loss caused by Byron's untimely death was redeemed by the dignity of the cause for which he died, has long passed away; and, to men of our own time, the name of Hellas is principally associated in vulgar appreciation with bankruptcy and brigandage. With the experience of nearly half a century, we can see that there was a great deal of exaggeration and sham sentiment about the phil-Hellene agitation which ended in the establishment of King Otho on the throne of Greece. Still, the reaction which has ensued upon our bygone fervour has been carried to excess, and we are inclined to think that the phil-Hellenism of 1829 was more rational and more statesmanlike than the philo-Turkism which has become the fashion of our day. To anyone at all familiar with the literature of the period when Byron wrote "The Isles of Greece," it cannot but seem curious that Englishmen should require any argument to convince them that the Greeks have right and justice on their side in endeavouring to liberate their fellow-countrymen from Moslem rule, or that, in the war now being waged in Thessaly, the sympathies of England should be on the side rather of the assailants than of the assailed. Yet there is urgent need to remind the British public that their good wishes, to say the least, should be given to the Hellenic nationality, not as a matter of sentiment, but as a question of common sense and self-interest. It is only too true that Greece has fallen far short of what was expected of her in the days of her emancipation. Many and valid reasons may, indeed, be adduced to account for her failure. The fact itself is, however, not open to dispute. At the same time, if the progress of Greece during the last fifty years is judged, not by a Western standard, but by comparison with that of the provinces which have hitherto remained subject to Ottoman rule, old phil-Hellenes, if any such survive, may fairly claim that their policy has been justified by the event.

When all is said and done, Greece possesses free institutions, under which she has a real, if turbulent, political life; her population has displayed a considerable degree of intellectual culture, and her commerce has attained an important individual existence. It is not too much to say that, whereas in all European Turkey there is an absolute stagnation, in Greece there is positive, if not vigorous, life. Nor, in estimating the progress of the Hellenic kingdom, is it fair to overlook the fact that, since the attainment of their independence, the Greeks have founded numerous commercial colonies abroad, which have already played no insignificant part in the annals of commerce, and are destined, apparently, to play a still greater part in the future.

No impartial observer who has ever visited both Greece and Turkey in Europe can entertain the slightest doubt that the inhabitants of Thessaly and Epirus would lead a life more worthy of freemen and more likely to benefit the world at large if they passed from under the dominion of the Sultan to that of His Majesty King George. So long as no alteration could be made in the external relations of Greece without reopening the Eastern Question, it was not, as we think, unreasonable that the interests of the Hellenic provinces remaining subject to Turkish rule should have been sacrificed to the tranquillity of Europe. But now that, whether for evil or for good, the Eastern Question must perforce be resettled, we fail to see how the attempt of Greece to complete her national unity can be objected to by those who favoured the struggles of Italy to achieve her independence. The Greeks would be unlike every other nation in the world if they were not actuated by an ardent desire to rescue their fellow-countrymen in Turkey from the yoke which they themselves have shaken off after years of struggle. This being the case, we fail to understand the outcry raised against Greece for having availed herself of the opportunity afforded by the downfall of the Ottoman Empire to extend her own dominions. If international politics are looked upon as a game to be played in accordance with certain arbitrary rules, exception might be taken to the fairness of the Greek invasion of Thessaly at a period when Turkey was practically powerless to offer any effectual resistance. But in the case of Greece, as in the somewhat similar one of Servia, we have to take into account hereditary passions, the wrongs of bygone generations, and the aspirations of a people struggling for national life and freedom. The notion that a want of generosity is involved in attacking the Turk at a disadvantage, would seem like the veriest trifling to Englishmen if they could conceive themselves to be placed in the position of Greeks or Serbs. The weakness of Turkey is now, as heretofore, the opportunity of Greece; and any neglect in taking advantage of so unprecedented an opportunity as that afforded by the Russian invasion of Roumelia, would naturally be regarded by the Greeks, not only as a display of cowardice, but as an act of wilful treachery towards their oppressed fellow-countrymen.

Apart from sentimental considerations of very doubtful cogency, it is difficult to raise any practical objection to the recent action of Greece. The risk incurred by the invasion of Thessaly is extremely small. The Turks are in reality debarred from any serious reprisals. The bombardment of the Piræus by the Sultan's ironclads, or the occupation of Greek territory by Ottoman troops, would only furnish a plea for the imposition of far harder terms than those to which the Porte has been already compelled to submit. The worst that can happen to the Greek invaders of Thessaly is to be driven back with more or less loss across their own frontiers. On the other hand, it is by no means impossible or even improbable that the Greeks may succeed in occupying a large portion of Turkish territory. In the utter disorganisation which seems to have ensued upon the collapse of the Turkish military power, the Porte is not likely to make any vigorous effort for the expulsion of the Hellenic army from its outlying provinces. Indeed, it is even on the cards that it may view the introduction of a new element of disturbance into the Eastern Question without absolute disfavour. And if Greece should contrive, by whatever, means to occupy for the time being the upper portion of the Ægæan peninsula, her claims to compensation could not be overlooked at the approaching Congress. Whatever else the Conference may do, it will obviously not restore Turkish rule in any portion of her European provinces which have established their virtual independence; and if the overthrow of Moslem domination in Thessaly should once be an accomplished fact, that fact must necessarily affect the deliberations of the Congress. We can understand that diplomatists whose one idea is to patch up a peace on any terms, should resent the intervention of Greece as a fresh cause of embarrassment. But this view is not one which can commend itself to those who lay any claim to higher statesmanship. Even the politicians who upheld most strongly the necessity of maintaining the integrity of the Ottoman Empire as a bulwark against Russia must admit that, when once that bulwark is overthrown, the next best thing for Europe is the transfer of the European provinces of Turkey to some Power whose interests are not identified with those of Russia. For the present, at any rate, the creation of an independent Slav State south of the Balkans is an obvious impossibility. The Greek nationality is the only one which could possibly ever become the nucleus of a State powerful enough to hold its own against Muscovite influence. The reconstruction of the Byzantine Empire may be, and, we think, is a mere dream; but, under present circumstances, everything which approximates towards that ideal is a gain to Europe at large and to this country in particular. Englishmen will indeed be wanting in their wonted political instinct if they throw cold water upon the efforts of Greece to obtain her due share in the impending partition of the Ottoman Empire.

THE LORD PRIVY SEAL.

Those who in the midst of the present European crisis have time to spare for domestic matters will probably have noticed that the Most Noble Algernon George Percy, Duke of Northumberland, has joined the Cabinet as Lord Privy Seal. Were we to set out in full his Grace's qualifications for this exalted office, we might almost be suspected of parodying the famous obituary of the Marquis of Steyne in 'Vanity Fair.' His Grace is, we find, the eldest surviving son of the late Duke by his marriage with Louisa Harcourt, third daughter of the late Hon. James Stuart-Wortley-Mackenzie, and sister of the first Lord Wharncliffe. He was born in the year 1810, and, as we are told, was educated at Eton and at St. John's College, Cambridge, of which University he was created a Doctor of Laws in 1842. He served for some years in the Grenadier Guards, from which he retired with the full rank of captain. He first entered Parliament as member for the borough of Beeralston, a corrupt little place which was disfranchised by the old Reform Act. He afterwards represented the Northern Division of Northumberland in the Conservative interest. He has been a Lord of the Admiralty, and a Vice-President of the Board of Trade. He is president of the Royal Institution, honorary colonel of the Northumberland Militia, and a D.C.L. of Oxford. We are not, indeed, sure whether his Grace is not also a Knight of the Garter, a Senior Brother of the Trinity House, a trustee of the British Museum, and a governor of Christ's Hospital. He may very well be all these things, and many more. A duke, who is willing to accept distinctions, can always have them showered upon him. All that we ask, in all humility, is upon what precise claim it is that his Grace has been created Lord Privy Seal, what are the duties which he will have to fulfil in discharge of this responsible office, and—although this is a mere minor matter—what is the exact salary which he will draw in consideration for his services. We willingly admit that his Grace is, as indeed most dukes are, a most estimable gentleman, with a large stake in the country and a considerable amount of common sense.

But, on the other hand, we wish to know and—perhaps through our own incapacity—fail to see what precise reason there is at this present juncture for adding him to the Cabinet. A duke is, of course, always to a greater or lesser extent a tower of strength. To whatever undertaking he may add himself he gives it solidity and respectability. As a railway director, or as president or vice-president of a philanthropic, literary, or scientific corporation, he is invaluable. A Cabinet Council, however, has, or ought to have, something more important to do than merely to pass resolutions, and, unless the Duke of Northumberland brings something more than the undoubted prestige of his name and title to the deliberations of the Ministry, it is difficult to see what justification can be found for his appointment. We are asked, in effect, to increase the estimates by something like 3,000*l.* a-year in order that the Duke of Northumberland may have a seat in the Cabinet. With every respect for his Grace, we are inclined to think that he is dear at the money.

The office of Privy Seal ought long ago to have been abolished. It has been attacked over and over again, and on no single occasion has any excuse been found for its retention. No duties are attached to it, and the chief ground taken by its defenders is that the Lord Privy Seal, having nothing to do on his own account, is able, out of mere lightness of heart, to make himself generally useful, and to do anything that at any moment the Ministry may find it necessary to do or get done. Another view of the office is that it affords a convenient shelf for a man who exercises considerable influence with his party, but who himself has no particular speciality. When, for instance, a nobleman of high rank wields what may be called a "controlling influence" over a dozen or more seats in the House of Commons, when it is known that he is also given to taking an active interest in politics, and when, at the same time, it is utterly impossible to make him a Secretary of State, it is no doubt convenient, as a mere matter of party tactics, to be able to make him Lord Privy Seal. In the recent administration Lord Halifax was Lord Privy Seal. It was felt that his lordship had, in a kind of way, a general claim upon his party. He was not strong enough to be Secretary for War, or First Lord of the Admiralty, or Chancellor of the Exchequer, or Home Secretary, or even Secretary for Ireland. It was felt, however, that something ought to be done for him, and, accordingly, he was made Lord Privy Seal. Where the Liberals appointed Lord Halifax, we can hardly blame the Tories for appointing the Duke of Northumberland. If a sinecure is to be filled up at all, we had better do the thing respectably, and have a duke to fill it. The figure-head adds nothing to the sea-going qualities of the ship; but, as long as figure-heads are in fashion, let them, by all means, be boldly carved and gorgeously gilt and decorated. Besides, his Grace is more than a mere duke. He is also a statesman; and, at a moment when, as we all know, "British interests" are trembling in the balance, it is something to think that the Duke of Northumberland has joined the Cabinet. There is probably no man in England better qualified to aid the Ministry in steering their way through the difficulties with which it is beset. Should a question arise as to the passage of the Dardanelles, the Duke of Northumberland is an authority on International Law. Should complications crop up in Afghanistan, he has a profound knowledge of India, its history, and the traditions of its administration. Should war be proclaimed, he will be able to offer his assistance alike to the Admiralty and the War Office, while his experience as honorary colonel of the Northumberland Militia will give an additional value to his views. On matters of local government and metropolitan administration no man can be better fitted to give an opinion than the owner of the site of what used to be Northumberland House. It is, in short, difficult to single out a department in which the Duke of Northumberland will not prove himself a very bulwark of strength to a Cabinet already divided.

On the other hand, from the mere sordid view of public economy, it is difficult to see what exact good the nation gains by the perpetuation of an office, the holder of which is expected in a general kind of way to make himself useful all round, and to do nothing in particular. In naval phraseology, there is such a thing as an order to "stand off and on"—by which is meant to be generally in readiness to do anything that may be wanted, in case anything may have to be done. The duty of Lord Privy Seal—unless we much mistake it—is to stand off and on; and, as a mere matter of public economy, an office so purely honorary ought to cost the nation less than it does. It can hardly be urged that to make the Duke of Northumberland Lord Privy Seal is, like making the Queen Empress of India, to put a check to Russian aggression. And if it be contended that, like Bullamy, the red-waistcoated porter of the Anglo-Bengalee Fire and Life Insurance Office, his Grace sheds an air of general respectability and substantiality over the whole undertaking, the argument is, surely, a little dangerous, for it would justify the appointment not of one Lord Privy Seal merely, but of a dozen.

PARLIAMENTARY CATEGORIES.

The Secretary of State for War represents a University which professes to pay special attention to formal logic. That art, as is well known, has nothing to do with degrees of evidence, or the more or less probable grounds on which men act in the common affairs of life. Perhaps it was to do special honour to his constituency that Mr. Gathorne Hardy showed so great a reluctance on Tuesday evening to perceive the qualifications which are implied in the matter as distinguished from the form of certain kinds of propositions, and which, as a rule, are tacitly added by the common sense of mankind.

In a certain recent speech at Selkirk Mr. Trevelyan said various things against the Ministry, of which some could not have been properly said in Parliament, and some, if correctly reported, it was not proper to say at all. Among other things, he stated that the Prime Minister desired, and had never concealed his desire, to plunge the country into war. On Monday Mr. Hardy challenged him to "prove this statement, or let it go into some category which it is not parliamentary to name." Mr. Trevelyan—being, it seems, a person of extraordinary susceptibility—was not content to sit down under a charge of this kind; and on Tuesday he asked for an apology. This was at first refused; some general discussion followed; and at length Mr. Hardy was prevailed on to give a kind of obscure apology in the form of a distinction. It was rather cumbrously expressed, but came to this—that if Mr. Trevelyan only stated as his own conclusion from Lord Beaconsfield's language—as "that which upon argument in his own mind he thought himself entitled to believe"—that Lord Beaconsfield was in favour of war, Mr. Hardy disagreed with Mr. Trevelyan, but only as a matter of argument. But if Mr. Trevelyan spoke of it as a matter of fact, that was quite another thing. Mr. Trevelyan having explained that he spoke by way of deduction from the Prime Minister's words, but gave Mr. Hardy credit for being better acquainted with the Prime Minister's sentiments than himself, the conditional withdrawal of Mr. Hardy's first imputation became absolute, and peace was restored.

We assume, with Mr. Trevelyan, that Mr. Gathorne Hardy is well acquainted with the Prime Minister's intentions and desires, and speaks with authority about them. At the same time we cannot help observing that the state of one man's mind as to desire or otherwise cannot in the nature of things be a matter of direct experience for any other man. Every statement, therefore, about another man's intentions is the statement of an inference, and an absolute and unqualified assertion on such a subject is a mere absurdity. Wherefore, as an old law book says, "it is trite learning that the thought of man is not triable, for the devil himself

knows not the thought of man." Life being short and speech limited, it is common to omit universal qualifications, and this among them. When a man makes a statement about another's intentions, he is presumed to be giving his inference from that other's words or actions, not to be professing a supernatural knowledge of what is actually passing in his mind. This presumption, however, appears to have come upon Mr. Gathorne Hardy as a novelty. For some time he solemnly persisted in treating Mr. Trevelyan's opinion of Lord Beaconsfield's desires as an assertion about a plain matter of fact. "What he [Mr. Trevelyan] stated as a fact to his constituents was that there was a criminal and wicked desire on the part of the Prime Minister. I am bound to defend the Prime Minister, not only as my chief, but as a personal friend. The hon. member charges him deliberately, in the strongest language, in a sentence which concludes, as far as I remember, with these terms, 'that the noble lord has never concealed his desire to plunge this country into war.' If that be the state of my noble friend's mind, I say it is a criminal state of mind. It is one which is of itself a disgrace. The statement which was made is a statement of fact, and if the hon. member for the Border Burghs thinks proper to persist in that statement, I must say again that I have nothing to qualify in the language I used." It was only after Mr. Whitbread, going straight to the real point, had carefully, not to say painfully, explained that Mr. Trevelyan had given the grounds for his opinion both in the House and out of it, and it was a matter of opinion whether those grounds were sufficient, that Mr. Gathorne Hardy was brought round to admit the distinction which we have already quoted. The phrase "never concealed his desire" seems to have struck him as a special aggravation. We should have thought it rather excluded the supposition that Mr. Trevelyan was speaking as of a fact positively within his own knowledge: it imports an appeal to the knowledge of his hearers, or at all events to other facts on which they can form their own judgment. To say of a public man that "he has never concealed his desire" to do so-and-so is equivalent to saying, "Such I believe to be his desire, and I therefore say that such it is; and this I believe on the strength of his words and acts, which you all know, or may know as well as I do; look at them for yourselves, and judge whether you agree with my conclusion." Be the phrase as it may, however, it should be clear enough on calm reflection that only one reasonable issue can be raised on statements of this kind. The Secretary of State for War is a barrister of the Inner Temple, and the recollection of a single familiar legal phrase might have caused him, if not to cool his wrath, to direct it with more discretion. When an assertion is made about what cannot be absolutely known to the speaker, and we have to decide whether it is false in that moral sense which brings him within an unparliamentary category, the point is not whether the assertion was or was not true in itself, but whether it was made with or without reasonable and probable cause. The guilt of a reckless assertion is none the less because it may afterwards turn out, on evidence unknown at the time, to have been according to the fact; and, on the other hand, the expression of a conclusion fairly possible with regard to the given premisses does not become worthy of moral condemnation because that conclusion is afterwards positively contradicted.

The fact that a great number of persons draw the same conclusion from the same premisses is of itself an argument that they are not wholly without reasonable and probable cause for it. Now there is no doubt that a great number of persons did draw from Lord Beaconsfield's public acts and conduct substantially the same conclusion as Mr. Trevelyan; nor were such persons by any means confined to those of Mr. Trevelyan's political way of thinking. It has been all but admitted in terms by Ministers themselves that the same error prevailed among an over-zealous section of their own supporters; and, if anything that comes from Constantinople may ever be trusted, we must believe that it was shared down to a late time by people in very high places there, and that the utmost difficulty was found in dispelling it. This alone would be sufficient proof that Mr. Trevelyan's words, however erroneous, were not so destitute of plausible ground as to be what lawyers call malicious.

It is not quite clear even yet how far Mr. Hardy's theory of parliamentary logic will admit the freedom of argument which has hitherto been assumed without question both within and without the Houses of Parliament. It would certainly, as Lord Hartington put it with studious moderation, be neither convenient in itself nor an improvement to the character of debate if, "whenever we think our opponents somewhat deficient in logic or in power of statement," we are to call them something which, in plain English, means liars. The inconvenience will not be so great, but still there may be some inconvenience, if these consequences are to be avoided only by coupling every statement of one's conclusions with an express intimation that the statement is of an inference of fact, and not of a fact absolutely. We are not sure that Mr. Hardy does not intend to impose this declaration on all Opposition speakers by the sanction of the pains and penalties of his most terrible category; and we cannot help fearing that the length of sentences and speeches may be much increased, to the great displeasure of the Commons of the realm and disadvantage of public business. Let us hope that some charitable person may avert such a result by devising a common form of explanation, which everyone who has anything to deliver beyond a bare list of facts or figures may prefix or affix to his speech as covering and qualifying the whole. Mr. Hardy may be congratulated on his ingenuity in one particular. He has added one more phrase to the forms of Parliamentary circumlocution which disguise a lie direct. But we cannot congratulate him on having added to the dignity of debate or the better understanding of the proper limits of argument.

On the personal aspect of the matter we will not commit ourselves. We know not into what dangerous statements of fact we might be led unawares, though we know very well that it is far from our intentions and desires to charge anybody with being in a criminal state of mind. We will take refuge in Mr. Hardy's own formula, and say that, upon argument in our own mind, we think ourselves entitled to believe that Mr. Trevelyan's speech at Selkirk might have been more temperate, and Mr. Hardy's apology in the House more frank.

JURORS AND THEIR RIGHTS.

Sir Alexander Cockburn was a brilliant advocate. He is, beyond question, an upright Judge. It is needless to pay any compliment to his varied abilities and his great learning. Occasionally, however, he makes mistakes, and of a mistake made by the Lord Chief Justice of England we may say, as Napoleon said, that it is worse than a crime—it is a blunder. Such a blunder Sir Alexander Cockburn made on Saturday last. A man of the name of Truelove was being prosecuted before him on the charge of publishing an obscene book. With the merits of the case we have nothing to do, nor do they in any way touch the lamentable error in judgment into which his lordship fell. The jury having been charged about noon, retired to consider their verdict, and, after an absence of a couple of hours, came back into Court, and stated by their foreman that they could not agree. The majority, the foreman said, were in favour of a conviction, but hesitated to convict from the fear that a sentence would be passed disproportionate in their judgment to the nature of the offence. It is pretty clear what they meant. They had no resource but to find the defendant technically guilty of the charge preferred against him, but morally they acquitted him, believing that he had acted throughout with *bona fides*, and from a mistaken sense of duty. They would have found him guilty had they been certain that the Court would have inflicted a

nominal or even a slight punishment; but they were resolved that a crushing sentence should not be given. The Lord Chief Justice, properly enough, told them that these considerations were entirely beyond the legitimate sphere of their duty. "You are not here," said his lordship, "to legislate, nor to consider what penalties are attached to an offence. You are here to say, are the allegations in the indictment proved or not. If you tell me that you cannot agree on that point, it is no use keeping you here to starve you, as it were, into a verdict; but I hope, gentlemen, you will not shrink from your duty." Upon this a certain juror rashly began an altercation with his lordship, in the course of which he expressed his opinion that the book which was the subject of the indictment "was not intended to produce immorality, but contained plain words for plain people." With every respect for Sir Alexander Cockburn, it is notorious that he is very impatient of anything like contradiction; and in the present case, instead of telling this recalcitrant juror to hold his tongue and do his duty, he turned round on him, and rent him in open Court. "I think, sir," said he, "I have seen you before on a jury. We have not been brought face to face for the first time; and, if I mistake not, you have made up your mind not to give a verdict." Nor was this all, for, immediately turning about to the associate, Sir Alexander added, "Take care not to have that man on a jury again." The rebuke, although petulant, was not perhaps altogether unprovoked; but the instructions to the associate were, in our judgment, both improper and illegal. The man in question was either qualified to serve on a jury or he was not. In the latter case, he ought never to have been empanelled; in the former, it is altogether monstrous that Sir Alexander Cockburn should take upon himself to disfranchise him. It is a very serious thing for a Judge in open Court to tell a man that he is unfit to serve on a jury, and that he shall not be allowed to serve again. It becomes still more serious that the sole ground for so strong a censure lies in the simple fact that the juror, in pursuance, as he believes, of his oath, has refused to concur in a verdict for the Crown. If the law be for the Court, as the Lord Chief Justice very rightly pointed out, the facts are equally the undisputed province of the jury; and, unless corruption is proved, or unless a juror has, before hearing the evidence, openly expressed his determination to find a verdict one way or the other, or, after hearing it, has said something clearly showing that he has been influenced, not by the evidence, but by his own view of the case, a Judge has no right whatever to dispute his finding or to call him to account for it.

We are aware, of course, that, in this view of the relative functions of Judge and jury, legal authorities will not entirely bear us out. In the good old times, when a jury gave a verdict of which the Court disapproved, they were liable to attainder. Attainder in those days was a very serious matter, involving infamy, that is to say, perpetual disqualification as witness or juror, forfeiture of personalty and realty, imprisonment, and various other fearful penalties, such as "Quod terræ et tenementa in manus domini regis capiantur," "Quod uxores et liberi extra domus suas ejiciantur," "Quod domus suæ prostrentur," and "Quod arbores suæ extirpentur." These "great and grievous punishments," as Lord Coke called them, were afterwards mitigated by statute, and, instead of bringing attainder against the jury, the Courts introduced the more reasonable practice of granting a new trial. Although, however, attainder is not now so serious a matter as it was, it still exists in contemplation of law. It has, in a word, "fallen into disuse," but has never been specifically "taken away." "There are," Bacon tells us in his 'Abridgment,' "several instances where jurors acquitting great and notorious offenders, contrary to clear and manifest evidence, and contrary to the Judge's directions, have been punished in the Star Chamber, and have also, not only in the King's Bench, but also by justices of *oyer* and *terminer* and gaol delivery, been fined and imprisoned, and bound over to their good behaviour; but these methods were thought to be contrary to the opinions in the old books, and contrary to the general reason of the law; and being fully considered in Bushel's case, it was there settled, and hath been ever since agreed to, that jurors are in no way punishable, except by attaint, for giving a verdict contrary to the Judge's direction, and against what may seem to others clear and manifest evidence, for that they are the proper judges of the fact to be tried, and may be reasonably influenced by matters known only to themselves, as their own personal knowledge of the fact, or of the credit of the witnesses, or of the parties." Nor is this all, for Lord Hale, in his 'Pleas of the Crown,' declares it to be "unreasonable" to punish a jury for going contrary to the direction of the Court, and adds "it were the most unhappy case that could be to the Judge, if he, at his peril, must take upon him the guilt or innocence of the prisoner; and if the Judge's opinion must rule the matter of fact, the trial by jury would be useless." We venture, with all respect, to call the attention of Sir Alexander Cockburn to this weighty utterance, and to suggest that, in expressing the strong opinion to which he committed himself, he did virtually "take upon him the guilt or innocence of the prisoner."

We make these remarks with the greater confidence, because Sir Alexander Cockburn's character for impartiality is too established to allow the supposition that we are venturing to assail it. He has never been one of those Judges who labour to secure a conviction, and he has always treated the findings of juries with proper respect. But that this should be so, makes his indiscretion in the present case the more unfortunate. The scene was a scandal, and it is to be hoped that nothing of the kind may occur again.

WAR AND SCIENCE.

Now that the war in the East is nearly at an end, the military experts are busy drawing "deductions" from it. These gentlemen dilate with scientific enthusiasm on its destructiveness. They descant with philosophic unction on the vast change that must necessarily come over the practice of their art owing to the deadliness of the newer sorts of breechloaders when handled by men behind earthworks. As long as the soldier's weapon was not diabolically murderous, there was, it would seem, some scope for picturesque heroism in battle. The old musket had only a killing range of 300 yards. A vast deal of time, too, was spent in loading it. In fact, according to a learned German officer, Lieutenant-General Hanneken, no more than six shots could be fired from it in the time it took an attacking force to cover the 300 yards that, at the point where Brown Bess began to kill, intervened between the storming party and the enemy. All the general had to do in these good old days was to estimate how many men would be slain by the six shots fired by each of the defending force, and strengthen the storming party so that even after such a deduction it would be still able to conquer. The issue of the assault was, therefore, a matter of mathematical precision. There was a rush, a scramble, a little hot hand-to-hand work with the bayonet—and the affair was over. The soldiers defending the field-works were practically trapped like rats in a hole, and it depended on the clemency of the victors whether or not they should be let off with life. These were the days when war was "glorious," and when it did not look so like butchery as it does now. The swift-firing breech-loader, however, has altered the old fashion of fighting. As many as a hundred and forty rounds can be fired from it in twelve minutes and as against masses of men the weapon, in the hands of a fair marksman, is practically deadly within a range of 1,500 yards. The great point now is to place the soldier in such a position that he can enjoy twelve minutes' uninterrupted shooting at his enemy, whilst he himself is protected by cover. For this purpose an improvised earthwork in a perfectly open space, say of 1,500 yards radius, will answer

admirably. Ere the storming party get at the defences they must traverse this open space. Let them do their utmost, they must, in passing through this circle of fire, bear the brunt of a hundred and forty rounds from each man behind the earthwork, which is its centre. In a few minutes they find that a third of their number are struck down, and then the survivors begin to "waver." Then, ere they have got more than halfway to the point of attack, they discover that they are shorn of fully a half of their strength, whereupon those of them who can run scamper off out of danger as fast as possible. The romance of assault is gone. The breechloader has made it merely a matter of butchery and "bush-fighting."

Of course scientific soldiers are on the outlook for some means of circumventing the new modes of defence. Thus we hear of projects for digging parallels so that the attacking force may get a sheltered approach to the enemy. But, as this is a tedious method, preference is still given to the homely plan of cutting off the defenders' supplies, and starving them out. Yet who dare say that the new arms of precision may not one day be met by still more destructive agencies? The story of progress in the military art is simply the record of inventions for enabling men to kill each other with ever-increasing ease and swiftness. The world has ceased to be shocked at the vast holocausts of victims that war demands, and in reading descriptions of modern battles we have ceased to recollect that the worst use we can put men to is to kill them. The ingenious De Quincey once wrote a vastly quaint and pretty essay on "War"—by the way, the curious reader will find it bound up in the same volume with the rather more famous treatise on "Murder as a Fine Art." In this essay on War, Mr. De Quincey speaks admiringly of "the diminishing havoc that belongs to increasing skill in the arts of destruction." He speaks with horror of the most merciful of Roman captains shouting to his troops on the day of Pharsalia, "Strike at their faces, cavalry," absolutely "directing his troopers to plough up with their sabres the blooming faces of the young Roman nobility," and he maintains that modern modes of combat are far less brutal and demoralising than the ancient ones. It is all a matter of taste. When the Roman horseman struck at his enemy with his sword he at least gave him a chance of parrying, and returning the blow. More than likely he wielded his weapon in the heat of passion generated by a hand-to-hand, face-to-face contest. But what the modern warrior does is to sit down deliberately behind a mud-heap, and wait till his enemy shows himself in the distance, whereupon he takes a cool pot-shot at him, and bowls him over as if he were a partridge or a pheasant. The hidden rifleman runs absolutely no risk. He is perfectly free from danger during the time his foe is traversing the open space in front of an earthwork; and during that time, let us say twelve minutes, he can pour out upon him a hurricane of lead at the rate of a dozen bullets a minute. The author of the 'Biglow Papers' lays it down that war is murder. But then, since he wrote, "many things have happened." The progress of invention has converted what was then murder into something very like deliberate assassination. Science has not tamed the savagery of war, and those who claim that it transforms a rude practice of brutality into an "intellectual art" forget that it has deprived soldiers of those personal struggles in the fair and open field that elevated warfare into the region of heroism. The influence of civilisation has not tended to glorify the trade of carnage. It has simply had the effect of making battles bloodier scenes of butchery than they were in "the brave days of old," when soldiers fought with each other face to face, and foot to foot, and not like timid murderers lurking behind a hedge.

Painful as this view of the matter may be, it is not one to be deplored. The more horrible the destruction of life and limb produced by war, the less likely are nations to take up the trade of bloodshed. When men begin to understand how much sheer cowardice taints modern warfare, when they begin to feel that a battle in our day is simply composed of an infinite number of assassinations, war will cease to be regarded as a "noble or ennobling pursuit." Indeed, as things go, we see no reason to believe that the last limit has been put to the perverted ingenuity that busies itself with devising new methods of destroying human life. Of late the mechanician's skill has been most lavishly drawn upon by those who, to use De Quincey's phrase, have made war "ripen into an intellectual art." But is it not possible that the chemist's turn may come next? Is it beyond the power of man to contrive shells, for example, in which shall be prisoned foul and poisonous vapours, the escape of which will produce even a more effectual and widespread slaughter than the rain of lead that pours forth from a modern redoubt. Metals such as arsenic and antimony, for example, when vaporised, are capable of forming, with the constituents of the air, fumes of the most poisonous character. Is it beyond the range of the chemist's skill to invent some means of filling hollow projectiles with deadly gases in such a manner that, when they explode or burst in an entrenchment, or between the decks of a ship, they must convert into a fatal poison the very atmosphere in which the foe breathes? Or if such vapours as these cannot be made to effect this purpose, is there no chance that others may be discovered that will? Not long ago the Fenians in New York amused the world by a plan they had for murdering the whole House of Commons. They professed to be in possession of a substance called kacodyl—the escape of whose fumes into the atmosphere dealt sudden death to everybody that breathed it. Somebody was to break a tube containing this substance in the House, and then honourable members were to collapse after the manner of Abner Dean, in Mr. Bret Harte's poem, "who curled upon the floor," and of whom it is recorded that "the subsequent proceedings interested him no more." Kacodyl may be a failure in practice, but is it impossible that some deadly volatile substance may not be found out that will be a fatal success? If so, what a swift simple business war will become! A few poison-shells flung into a fortress will smite the garrison with sudden death—indeed, just as warfare has become a matter of months and not of years, it may be become a matter of days and not of months. And if chemists can, one of these days, hit upon some ghastly discovery such as we have spoken of, why should it not be utilised for purposes of war? What ethical objection can be urged against the practical application of such an improved method of destroying life on a large scale? People seem to forget that every improvement in the art of war has been open to the same kind of hostile criticism. The invention of flint weapons might have been deprecated by moralists of the stone age, because the possession of them enabled a man to take his unarmed foe at a disadvantage. But clearly the introduction of the bow and arrow rendered war a less manly sport than when it was waged with sword and club, because it did much to eliminate personal valour and bodily attack from the conditions essential to successful strife. We know that the use of gunpowder was bitterly deplored at first by some purists, who, like the "certain lord" that irritated Hotspur, complained that it was a great pity

> That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd
> Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
> Which many a good tall fellow has destroyed
> So cowardly.

When torpedoes were first projected, people denounced those who proposed their use as if they were vile assassins; indeed, the very name they got, "infernal machines," indicates the abhorrence with which they were regarded. Yet the torpedo now is a perfectly civilised weapon of war; nay, it, too, is having its death-dealing power developed vastly. An ingenious American has invented the balloon-torpedo, which is quite as immoral and cowardly a weapon as the poisoned shell. He proposes to send up into the air balloons armed with torpedoes; and when they get right over a hostile encampment, the aeronauts are to drop their infernal

machines on to the unconscious heads of the enemy, who will be promptly blown to pieces. Can there be a less manly method of fighting your foe than that of lying behind an earthwork perfectly out of his reach, and pouring bullets into him at the rate of a dozen per minute? In what respect, then, are the modern tactics more chivalrous and less demoralising than an artillery duel with poison-shells. Wordsworth, as we know, maintained that

> God's most perfect instrument,
> In working out a pure intent,
> Is man—arrayed for mutual slaughter;
> Yea, Carnage is his daughter.

If the use of the poisoned shell makes carnage more effectual, why should chemists be discouraged in trying to find out how to make this weapon serve so high a purpose? Let us, at least, be consistent in our ethics.

THE DUTCH ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Three years ago we were living in great expectations: eighteen months afterwards we were experiencing the bitterness of hope deferred. In January 1875 we and the dockyard "maties" began to equip an Arctic Expedition. Why we did so is a secret which very few people know, and they don't tell, whereby they show themselves wise after the wisdom of the children of this world. Beyond a score or two of naval officers who expected berths, and half-a-dozen busybodies who had nothing to do and wanted something, there was a most inappreciable moiety of the British public who cared three brass buttons whether the British flag floated in the breezes of Greenland, or aired itself in the less romantic latitudes of Gravesend. But in those days there sat at the receipt of customs one Benjamin Disraeli who loved popularity, and poor Ward Hunt who simply desired peace. Now there came to the Ministers a deputation of six who called themselves, and verily believed they were, the salt of the earth, as they were the wind thereof. In an Arctic Expedition, they persuaded the Premier, there was popularity; while to the First Lord it was evident there was no peace until the men who had haunted the Admiralty for ten years or more were provided for. How he did not care; they might go to Gehenna or to Grinnell Land—he was almost careless which. He might have a preference for the former; but as he was sure, if he got them into the ice, of not seeing them for at least a couple of years, he compromised in decreeing the latter. And so the Arctic Expedition sailed, and the backstairs of the Admiralty did not require renewal for nearly eighteen months. They were provisioned for three years, and in decency the British public thought that, like everybody else who had gone North before, they might have waited at least two. Beside, those who paid for the fun had a right to expect a little for their money. The Eastern Question was hanging fire; the Turks had not then quite come out in all their native majesty; and Mr. Henry M. Stanley had for some time past been unwontedly sparing with his revolver. And thus the public were dull, and Captain Nares' narrative was not calculated to enliven it. "Story! God bless you!" he had plenty to tell, though it was flat enough.

He had met with few adventures, but came home safe, and had not got anyway near the Pole. The men had scurvy, but what of that. They had been worked hard. But he had none. *Argal*—? He had called one old sea by a new name, and that, too, a Greek one; and, though the ice was five feet thick at the smallest, had made a sounding through it, about the physical feasibility of which profane cynics have been known to wink incredulously ever since. He had not got round Greenland, but he was perfectly sure that, if he had, it would have been found to be an island; but judging 700 miles from 70 is judging Hercules by his foot with a vengeance. The critics only grinned. He had not got round Grant's Land, but he had gone several miles about the coast, and called a lot of bays and points after his personal friends, whose names nobody knew, and therefore could not be expected to get enthusiastic over. He had seen sandpipers' eggs, and knots' nests, which it seems are not common sights among scientific folks. He had not seen President's Land, and believed that there "never was no sich land," and in honour of this incredulity the fugleman blew a great blast, though calmer people did hint something about Cape Britannia being only the old lamp passed off as new by this Arctic Alnaschar. He had met terrible hardships, and moving accidents by flood and field. "Parr" had been followed either by a wolf or a fox, but as it did not bite the redoubtable Parr the question—momentous as it is—must remain in abeyance. The cold was bitter, but as nobody expects a Madeiran winter in Smith Sound the statement failed to bring tears to anybody's eyes. Moreover, those omniscient people, the statisticians, speedily showed that it was almost as cold any winter in Upper Canada, and even in Montreal, while in the far northern ports of the Hudson's Bay Company it is sometimes even colder. So that fell through. It could not be said that the men were starved, as had been Franklin, Richardson, Kane, Hayes, and Hall, and their famine-stricken companions on earlier expeditions, for they used to take their "constitutionals" between ever-lengthening walls of preserved meat tins, and the valiant Captain Pim, of Arctic (as well as of Honduras) fame, declared that their real trouble was "overfeeding." There was no romance even, which was such an abundant element in former expeditions, and especially in that of Payer and Weyprecht, whose terrible agonies will compare fairly with those of Barents, Hendrik Hudson, John Franklin's first expedition to the Copper Mine River, Hall's last to Smith's Sound, and Kane's of a still earlier date. True, Captain Nares found all manner of faults with his predecessors, but as one at least of them—the only one living—Dr. Hayes, replied with admirable effect, the public, who always enjoy a little geographical Billingsgate, chuckled over the spectacle. Moreover, there was a fine blow-me-hard and shiver-my-timbery kind of manner about Captain Nares which we rather liked, and brought conviction that it was not the leader who was trying to make capital out of a *fiasco*, but some of his subordinates and their literary relatives. Captain Stevenson, on the contrary, who was allowed only a back seat in the new Valhalla, cruelly spoilt it all by declaring that, "speaking for self and company," he never passed a pleasanter winter in his life. But the best bower of the Arctic Expedition of 1875–76 was that somebody or other—Captain Markham we believe—went a mile or two further than somebody else had, to the everlasting glory of the Union Jack, and of the proprietors thereof. Some people, it is true, could not detect wherein all the merit was. They could not see much more glory in it than if one cockney tourist had "done" a mountain 50 feet higher than another cockney climber, or that Megapons of Brasenose had won everlasting glory for his University because he had jumped 1 ft. 3½ ins. further than Spanker of Magdalen. But Captain Markham's brother knew a great deal better, and abused all who presumed to differ with him. He is scolding the "ignorant detractor" yet. The expedition was said to have done great things. But hitherto nobody has been the wiser. Professor Gwynn Jeffreys says the shells are very disappointing, and nobody save Professor Markham is very enthusiastic even on the prospects of this, the dark horse of the Arctic failure. It was true that Captain Nares proved that his theory of scurvy was wrong and the doctors' right. But as it cost four men's lives, a Royal Commission, and 150,000*l.* to do so, the public hardly consider that the Captain's amateur rebellion against authority was very cheap at the money.

Perhaps the "palæocrystic" sea might be brought to bear. But we are not even to get that for our coin—poor as was the Greek and puerile the idea which suggested such an absurd nomenclature. Captain Nares has formally abandoned his fine-named discovery, which will be known in future simply by the name it always bore until, to cover a

failure, it got a new one—to wit, "the Polar Pack." Probably the next thing we shall hear will be that it has been navigated by a more enterprising mariner, and at a much less cost than 150,000*l*. Indeed, Nares half acknowledges that it may occasionally be broken up, though it is not navigable—an opinion which may be taken for what it is worth, since the gallant knight did not wait to see. And so the Arctic Expedition of 1875 is fading away into oblivion, to the great satisfaction of all who do not care to remember a *fiasco*, galvanised into a little temporary notoriety, until the one or two individuals for whose private glory it was got up had received their crosses and their promotions. But the world has meantime not been idle. There were strong men before Agamemnon, and sailors before Nares. The one fact is acknowledged by Dr. Schliemann, and the other is likely soon to be forced on even Sir George's notice. While this estimable gentleman has been arguing whether rum or lime-juice is best for scurvied men, foreign nations have not been idle. They have taken our failure in the same light as wise men do the "frightful examples" of the teetotal platform, and are setting their ships in order accordingly. The Austrians are preparing to follow up that brilliant success of which the discovery of Franz Josef Land was the result. The Germans who added such a noble chapter to the tale of heroism on the east coast of Greenland are preparing to do likewise. The Danes are even exploring the interior of Greenland, and the Americans have already sent an *expedition d'essai*, though of a Quixotic type. The Swedes—and it ought to be added two Englishmen, Messrs. Wiggins and Seebohm—have discovered a new trade route open for three months in the year to the mouths of the great Siberian rivers, like the Yenesei, which flow into the Arctic Sea, and have by this cheap and easy way brought to Europe the furs, fossil ivory, wheat, timber, and other products of Siberia, hitherto unsaleable owing to the enormous cost of transport to the Western markets.

Now it is announced that a Dutch expedition is in progress. It is equipped solely at private expense, which is the best test that it has popular support, and though there is still a little difficulty connected with the "woeful lack o' cash," yet it is believed that Lieutenant De Bruyne and his companions will sail for the North in the month of May. The Dutch have almost a prescriptive right in Arctic exploration, though for a century they have waived their claims. In that great meadow land of theirs, and on those sandy shores by the mighty dykes against which the North Sea is ever dashing, live a valiant race of mariners, such a breed as are only to be matched in the English isles. The whole of the whalers' battling-ground is dotted with Dutch names, all telling their own tales. Not over two centuries ago, the Dutch whaling village of Smeerenburg flourished on Spitzbergen, and the baggy-breeched red-night-capped skippers from the Zuyder Zee and the Schelde were as familiar off the ice-floes of Jan Mayen as they were among the icebergs of Disco. Nor were they less eager in pursuit of discovery than they were keen in search of blubber. Hendrik Hudson—who discovered the river, and was cast away in the snow of the Strait which bears his name—was a Dutchman; so was William Barents, who first wintered in Novai Zemlai 300 years ago, deserting his house, only again so recently discovered, and dying in the attempt to reach the south. Theumis Ys, William de Vlamingh, Cornelis Roule, doughty skippers Williamzoon and Jacob Jacobzoon, Claas Cornelozoon, Toris Carolus, Cornelis Gilies, and Outsger Rep, Gerret van Sante, Cornelis Dirkzoon Gilies, and a score of other masters of bluff-bowed slow-sailing but trusty old snuffbox-like craft, did in those days admirable service to Arctic discovery, though, with the gradual fading of their memories, the *parvenu* explorers of later times have quietly replaced their old-fashioned names on the charts by their own more stupid designations. In those days, along the now sleepy shores of the Zuyder Zee, was being bred a wondrous race of seamen. From Hendelopen, and Enhezhuisen, and Stavoren, and a dozen other now dead and forgotten towns, poured out explorers and fighting-men for the world. And so they could still do. The present expedition has been a mere *reconnaissance*. These Dutchmen are never in a hurry. They sent Captain Koolemans Beynens twice north with Mr. Allen Young to learn ice navigation; then they formed a committee at the Hague; next they got together the necessary guilders; afterwards they set Mynheer Huijgens to build them a trusty schooner at his yard in Amsterdam. Now they have provisioned it with wholesome Dutch fare for eighteen months in case of accident. And last of all—instead of following the English precedent of first of all—they came to the Government, and got three naval officers to command their craft. They will cruise about, see the state of the ice, and then make up their minds what route they will take next summer, with better appliances and a better ship. We hope they may take that of Smith Sound. By this route a higher latitude has been reached than by any other; and with the mistakes of the past to profit by, the world has a right to be sanguine that the Dutchmen would not be deterred by the "palæopagetic pack." They are in no hurry. They will not telegraph in hot haste for an officer to the other side of the world, or man the steamer with a scratch crew who have never been within the Arctic circle. They will have old whalers, hardened in the North, and *savants* the first of their kind, instead of a bird-stuffing paymaster of artillery, or a botanist who was so fitted for his duties as to require the British Museum to make up a dried collection of plants to take with him in order to teach him the names of those he would see. The Academy of Amsterdam will be allowed to job nothing. No good officer will be displaced to make room for useless parsons, whose eligibility for administering ghostly consolation to the seamen may be inferred from the fact that one wrote a political squib and the other hurried home to join the Romish Church. No. There will, we may be sure, be no such blunders, nepotism, or mismanagement. The Dutch will conduct their Arctic expedition, as they conduct most of their affairs, prudently, wisely, and thoroughly, and in a manner worthy of the countrymen of Houtman, Heemskerk, Schouten, Hartog, Edels, Caron, Tasman, Berkel, of rough old Van Tromp, and of gallant De Ruyter!

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS FOR WOMEN.

The Hall mark which was needed to make women's education commercially valuable, by rendering an accurately trained woman's chance in the competition for employment a better one than that of the untrained or ill-trained, is now to be attainable. Thus those many parents whose limited means—and perhaps we should add whose ignorance of the larger influences of education—compel them to measure the rights of their children, respectively, to schooling and books and opportunity for study by the rough and ready rule of market value for the results will see a warrantable security for investments of this kind for their daughters. They will know that so many pounds besides her dress allowance spent on a marriageable girl can buy her the most advantageous starting-point for earning an income with honour and comfort in case she should not marry—perhaps, under some circumstances, even if she should. They will also have the means of knowing whether what they spend on instruction beyond the nursery and the schoolroom borders is well spent—whether their girls are taught the things they pay for them to learn. For, though the absurdity, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, of measuring the competence of the teacher by the success of the individual pupil is evident—evident to everyone, that is, except to the near relations of the said pupil, if he (or she) turn out a dunce—the fact that open examinations on a large scale are tests of the teachers no less than of the taught is too matter-of-course to require to be either proved or accounted for.

The guidance given to the course of a young woman's

studies by the examination kept in view as their immediate aim will remove that indefiniteness which is another reason of the indifference of parents to the instruction of their daughters in anything but accomplishments and the fashionable languages treated as accomplishments. Granted that a girl is anxious to improve her mind by solid studies, and that her parents are in favour of her doing so, when there is no extraneous reason for her pursuing one train of subjects more than another, and no hurry for her to pursue any, there is no sort of minor consideration which will not be allowed to come in the way, and every subject may be postponed for that better opportunity which is the misfortune of free choice and sent the heron supperless to roost. It is thus that, in homes where there is spare money to procure good help of tuition and books, and where there is no dislike to seeing a woman do the best she can for her brains—where there is perhaps even a clear belief that that is but her duty—girls who have come out of the school-room in love with study, and with scholarly ambitions, find on all sides hindrance instead of help to their attempts at self-improvement, and end by forgetting the very wish and drifting into the aimless content, or still more aimless discontent, of a vacuous waiting for the something to do in earnest that is to come with marriage. Something to point to a distinct course of study, and to some limit for its accomplishment, has been needed. Hitherto the educational career of young lady students has been too much like the Wonderland "caucus-race," in which all the runners began when and where they liked, and left off where they happened to be, and everybody had won. Parents will naturally feel the race more worthy their interest when it appears to be under some rules and to lead to somewhere.

As to the girls themselves, one can scarcely say that those who will feel the privilege of the London University examinations a stimulus to their mental energies, need the stimulus as such. Side by side with the frivolous, or the stupid, or the merely patient, girls who take their ignorance pleasantly and never find it too much, there have always been others—a minority doubtless but a large minority—who have felt the restlessness of intellectual faculties unnaturally cramped, the weariness of unsatisfied hunger of mind, and who in their drawing-room life have envied their schoolboy brothers their teachers and their tasks, their books and their hours set aside for using them, as a crippled invalid on the sofa may envy the healthy their fatigues. It is because of the great number of such girls that the average of woman's education was not far lower than the reformers found it when they took it in hand so few years ago. The highest education offered women was no measure of the highest education they contrived to get, for women of the sort spoken of *took* a higher than was offered them—some of them, in fact, *stole* it, working surreptitiously over their brothers' discarded schoolbooks and hiding away treatises on metaphysics or astronomy as novelists make naughty heroines hide away French novels. It is not stimulus but possibilities that such as these require. And even with the many less wilful souls who longed but thought longing vain and resigned themselves to leave the sweets of learning for their betters, the case is the same; not the wish but the power was deficient. Therefore it is natural, in forescanning the effects upon women's educational prospects of a large measure like that of the opening of the London University, to give prominent importance to its influence upon those with whom it rests to supply or withhold the cost of instruction. There is no lack of girls eager to learn if they may; there are probably fewer girls than youths not willing to learn if they must.

Yet that there must be a lack of women candidates for the London degree seems sure. It will not be surprising if there should be actually none for the first examinations open to them, except from among the medical students who have been preparing to pass some examination at all events, and perhaps two or three Girton or Newnham pupils who, having passed, or being ready to pass, the Cambridge degree examination privately, feel able to secure the further advantages of an open examination with a degree to get by it. Those who have advocated the opening to women of such examinations must be prepared to be told that their victory has become a defeat, that all their arguments as to the need and value of the step have been disproved by the fact that barely a handful of women go up for examination, and that the London University might as well close a door through which so few care to pass. The answer to all this will belong not to now but to the future. Passing such an examination as that of the London University cannot be achieved by the first clever girl who has in her own fashion made the best she knew how of her abilities; it is a test of training. And the training has been wanting—*is* wanting, in spite of so much that has been done of late for the advancement of women's education. The best part of the boon the London University has given is in truth that it creates a reason and a visible necessity for such training, and with that reason and that necessity for stimulus we may look confidently for, eventually, supply of the necessary teachers, lectures, class-rooms or schools or colleges, and, above all, home co-operation and encouragement. But all this must be a work of time; and till this is attained few indeed must be the women students who can render themselves equal to a searching test not of brilliancy and facility and fitful scholarship, much here little there, such as comes of self-teaching and undirected zeal, but of even and thorough work.

Concerning one class of candidates who might swell the list one may venture to express a hope that its number may not be large. There are many women who have struggled on as they best might, remedying for themselves the inaccuracy and deficiencies of the education given them and never ceasing to be conscious of their loss of preparation for the later work of life, but who have reached the later work and received that second and still more important training that comes of it, and who are busied in literary, artistic, philanthropic, even educational occupations. Some of these, and still more their friends for them, will feel a temptation to seek now the academical distinction which it was not open to them to earn in a seasonable day. They will be urged perhaps to do so for the sake of other women—to show at the earliest moment possible that women can and will enter into these competitions. But nothing could be more unwise. It would be Atalanta stopping and groping for a golden apple instead of spending her strength on the race she is running. Life must give, or has given, these women their examinations and their degrees. It is only too certain that they will always be the weaker for the want of due training in due time; but it would be worse than futile to track back for it too late. As well set mature ladies to make up by vehement skipping-rope and vaulting practice for the active exercises they did not have in their growing time as set them to that sort of schooling which should have been the preliminary to the studies and undertakings of elder years. It is never too late to learn; but it is soon too late to learn after the fashion of youth. Let us hope that women who are doing their work well will not be persuaded to stop in it in order to undergo a now unserviceable preparation for it, or with the idea of proving for other women's sakes what those other women may as well prove for themselves, that women can pass an unbefeminized examination in non-medical subjects, as they have already shown they can do in medical subjects.

SERVANTS' "REGULARS."

If any one in comfortable circumstances should have occasion to buy a new brougham from a fashionable coachbuilder in Long Acre, his coachman will think himself decidedly hardly used by the tradesman if he does not get at least a five-pound note as a *douceur* for tolerating the admission of the vehicle into his master's coachhouse. The coachbuilder, on his part, is sufficiently aware of the

manners and customs of the period to be ready to pay the required black mail. He is well aware that, if he does not conform to the custom, he will be a sufferer in the long run, and will stand a good chance of losing his customer for future transactions: the varnish on the new vehicle will become mysteriously cracked and corrugated, with an unusually short amount of wear and tear; the springs will soon be out of order; the windows will rattle; the cushions be bursting at the seams. These defects in the new purchase will be pointed out to the master, with careful assiduity to his interests, by the coachman; and that functionary will aver, with a shake of the head, that he has served in many gentlemen's families before this, and that he has always found Messrs. ———'s carriages bad wear, and that, if he may respectfully advise his master, he would recommend him not to employ that firm again. The servant has, in fact, both tradesman and customer under his thumb, and is well aware of his power; nor does he scruple to turn it to his own advantage. The *honorarium* upon bargains and sales, due from vendor to servant of the vendee, varies in amount according to the magnitude of the transaction. Upon a "drag," no head-coachman would think of accepting less than ten guineas; on a new dog-cart he might be magnanimously content with three sovereigns; if he countenanced the purchase by his master of a new set of double harness, he would expect some thirty shillings for his toleration; and upon a new saddle he would look for about half a sovereign.

Equally does the servant expect to receive a share in the profits upon transactions in horse-flesh. If any one should buy or sell a horse by private contract—dealing only with a gentleman in his own station in life, and dealing also direct, in person, without any intermediary—each party to the bargain will find a mysterious sovereign figuring in his stable-book at the expiration of that week. That in the vendor's book is explained candidly by the coachman as being a *douceur* to the vendee's coachman, in order to induce him to recommend the horse to his master; and the servant explains that it is "customary," and that the deal would in all probability not have been concluded but for this fee. If the master objects, the coachman will loftily inform him that he has paid it in advance out of his own pocket, in his master's service, and with loyal devotion to his interests, as the only way of enabling his master to get rid of his horse, and the chances are that the master will yield the point rather than tolerate the insinuation of having reaped benefit at the expense of his servant's pocket. The vendee may likewise ask for explanation of the sovereign in his coachman's book. He will be told that it is paid, as a customary thing, to the coachman of the vendor, to induce him to part with any stable secrets in connexion with the new purchase—*e.g.*, whether the horse goes best with the off-rein on the cheek and the near-rein on the bottom bar; whether he has any tricks in stable, or peculiarities of temperament or constitution. Facts such as these are all-important for the vendee to know, and are cheap at the price, so it is explained. If the deal is with a dealer, the coachman expects a very much higher bonus upon the transaction. Five per cent., at least, upon the purchase or sale money is what he will look for, and the dealer cannot afford to refuse to pay it. He knows that his good understanding with customers depends almost entirely upon a previous good understanding with the servant. If he wants the new horse to give satisfaction, not to look ragged in his coat, nor to be perpetually amiss, not to "stop" in the hunting-field, or not to be sorry in his health, he must make it worth the servant's while to "take a fancy to him," or else he must not expect future custom. The black-mail has to be paid, and it is best paid with a good grace. What a coachman likes best, is to be entrusted to buy his master's horses. One of the first questions asked by a stud groom, in negotiation for a situation to some hunting man who keeps a long "string" of horses in the stalls, will be whether the master buys his own horses, or leaves that to the servant. If he should receive an answer to the latter effect, he will not haggle much about wages, but will take whatever are offered, and promptly close with the situation. Nor do the emoluments of a stable magnate end with the "purchase system." The corn-dealer and straw factor each in turn help to swell his income. He expects his "regulars" from each of them, and, if they are not duly paid, the commodities supplied are sure not to give satisfaction. The master will be informed that the oats "are all husk, and don't run 28lbs. to the bushel." The hay will be said to be musty, and it will be feared that the wind of the horses will be affected by it unless the next batch is of a sweeter quality. Even the blacksmith has to "stand something," or an excuse will soon be found for recommending the master to have his horses shod elsewhere.

The system of percentages upon tradesmen's accounts is by no means confined to the stable. If any of our readers have ever deserted their local grocer for "stores," they may recall the fact that the cook or housekeeper gave warning soon afterwards, or required an increase of wages. Many of them will recollect that one of the first questions which a cook, negotiating for a situation in a London house, puts to the mistress is, "Do you deal at the stores, ma'am?" and the amount of wages demanded depends much upon the answer, even if an answer in the affirmative does not at once induce the applicant to announce that, on consideration, she thinks that the place will not suit her. The reason is, that London tradesmen find that they cannot afford to refuse to fee servants in proportion to the custom which comes into their hands. The butcher baker and grocer, especially have to pay their way, or to run the risk of their commodities not giving satisfaction. If the servant can manage to be entrusted to pay the bills in person, the negotiations are greatly simplified: something "thrown back," in proportion to the amount of the bill, is the natural method in such a case; and this return is the servant's perquisite. If the mistress pays her bills herself, the cook expects substantial Christmas-boxes, and casual *douceurs* at Midsummer, from the tradesmen; and, in default, she expresses to her mistress her dissatisfaction with their commodities.

It must be patent that these *douceurs*, in stable and household alike, while preying to some extent upon the tradesman or horse-dealer, in reality come chiefly out of the master's pocket. The tradesman must live, and must make a certain profit for his toils and outlay in his business. The more it costs him to produce goods, the more he must charge for their supply. If he could dispense with advertisements, or with *douceurs* to servants, or with any other expense contingent to his business, he could afford to sell his goods at a lower rate. If he finds an additional cost of a sort of agency or commission saddled upon him, he must raise the price of his goods, in order to maintain his average profit. Servants have, in fact, established a commission agency for themselves. The tradesman who will not pay them their commission upon the custom which they are supposed to bring him through their masters, is made to suffer for his independence. At the same time it is not he so much as the customer who in the long run is out of pocket by this practice of extorting "regulars." A tradesman cannot, as a rule, afford to defy the custom; he must swim with the stream in order to compete with his rivals in trade. He dare not even expose to a master the extortions of a servant, nor relate what intimidation has been used towards him if he has ever attempted to evade the black-mail. If he ever was known to have endeavoured to betray the servant's hall and harness-room, he knows well enough that he would be a marked man among hundreds of servants, who would one and all use their influence, and every artifice in their power, to drive away their masters' custom from him. The remedy, if any, must originate with masters and mistresses. As a mere matter of law—in cases in which the servant has been employed as the agent of the master, to order for him, and to pay bills—he is actually bound to account for any profits which he may obtain through his agency,

and to refund them to his master, in absence of an express agreement to the contrary. One of the first principles of equity is, that no one who is acting as an agent may make any profit out of his fiduciary position. All bonuses which may come into his hands, in his capacity as agent, belong to his principal. If a master could show that a servant had received anything back out of a bill which he had been sent to pay, or had received a commission upon an order which he had been entrusted to give to a tradesman, he could summarily recover it in the County Court. And, again, if a tradesman could show that a servant had used any intimidation, by threatening loss of custom if commission were not paid on orders, he could establish a strong prosecution for attempt to extort money by menaces. But, as we have said, tradesmen hardly dare to "bell the cat;" and masters are, as a rule, ignorant of the mode by which they, as consumers, are made to pay extra so as to cover the expense of commission to their servants; or if not ignorant, they are too indolent to combat the practice. Nothing but a thorough organisation between tradesmen and their customers can put a stop to the practice, and such an organisation can only exist where there is mutual confidence between traders and vendors as a body. If a number of householders would bind themselves to deal only with tradesmen who made a point of declining to pay commission, and would not allow their custom to be diverted by any arguments or representations of their servants, it would then pay such tradesmen to supply this band of customers at a rate reduced by the normal amount of commission which otherwise would find its way into servants' pockets. Bad debts, long credit, and the expense of advertisement, are among the reasons why tradesmen are undersold by co-operative stores; but an additional gain which the latter emporia have over the individual tradesman is that they are saddled with no "regulars" to servants.

THE LABOURS OF LIVING.

MRS. DULCIMER'S DAY AT HOME.

Mrs. Dulcimer lives in South Kensington, as every woman of good taste does nowadays. There used to be a time when she lived in Bloomsbury, because there the house she could get for her rent was spacious and healthy instead of small and close, and was reckoned better for the children. But since the tide has set south-westward, Mrs. Dulcimer has given up trivial advantages, and has with it surged higher up the scale of fashion. The house stands low and picturesquely. It has a green door and a brass knocker. The lower panes of the dining-room windows are of stained glass, and upon the balcony sun-flowers bloom in blue jars of a summer-time. But, though the drawing-room looks out across a road to green trees and turf, the home is not a healthy home. The children are often ailing, and Mrs. Dulcimer suffers tortures of neuralgia. But at least neuralgia is the fashion, as low-lying Kensington is nowadays, and there is some consolation in that.

The day is a grey day. A white fog lies under the trees and across the water. The cabs dash grimy mud on to those unwary ones who stand too close to their swift passage; the petticoats' edge of unpractical females tells a tale of discomfort. Mrs. Dulcimer has no need, however, to brave the mud. She can securely don her best silk dress, for to her it is given to-day to wait proudly in her own drawing-room for those who, stately in brougham and landau, or weary through slough and Metropolitan Railway, are making their way to her house. It is Mrs. Dulcimer's day at home. On other days—Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and Mondays—Mrs. Dulcimer, in hired brougham or hastening hansom, on foot or by murky railway, according to the occasion's state, will perform her duty in turn, but to-day she plays the hostess.

"How do you *do*, dear Mrs. Crossgrain," says she emphatically to the first comer. "So good of you to come on such a day. I hardly expected anyone." But this is not strictly true, for Mrs. Dulcimer *does* expect people, and would be sadly disappointed if her small room were not to get overpoweringly hot before the afternoon is over. "It's no use waiting for a fine day," answers the visitor; "people's days always are rainy, or foggy, or something. I'm sure I've waited weeks to call on Mrs. Temperate, and it always pours on a Wednesday. I wonder why you have days?" Mrs. Crossgrain has no day of her own. No one comes to see her at any season, so that she is not obliged to win time for her daily occupations by this *ruse*. "Ah, you've other interests, no doubt. Anyhow, you don't care for society, you see," replies the hostess; "so you're not driven to self-defence, as I am. If one once goes into society at all, it is sure to pay one out after a while. I assure you, I should never have time for anything if I didn't retreat from the world thus. I should be flooded with visitors every afternoon." Mrs. Crossgrain is a visitor a little outside of the ordinary sacred pale of Mrs. Dulcimer's *habituées*, else she would never have provoked such a speech. She does not like to be told that society has no interest for her, however. She knows too well that the fact is from necessity and not from choice. Hence her remark, uttered a little tartly, to the effect that she should be ashamed indeed to devote heart and soul, as people do nowadays, to the mere amusing of themselves. Mrs. Crossgrain is not a favourite, because she is always discontented, and yet she is proud of being discontented, and would not for the world confess to any of the joys that human nature is heir to, while she makes more than enough capital out of its ills. The Mondays and Tuesdays of her friends are welcome to her when she gets a good opportunity of airing a grievance. But Mrs. Dulcimer is not sympathetic. She likes to be made much of, and not to hear about grievances. It is fortunate for both that other visitors are announced. Mrs. Fairyland comes first: she is small and dainty, with soft silk poke bonnet, and she is very artistic. When you talk of pictures, she is reverential; when you talk of poetry, she is pathetic. "Do you see the halo round his head?" she says, speaking of one who, to her, is a great man. And we all laugh, for we think it is a joke, but Mrs. Fairyland is not sure that she is not half in earnest. To-day she is in the enthusiastic and fiery mood. "Have you seen the great new actor who is going to show us what dramatic art should be?" she asks, impetuously. "My dear, you will be entranced! He is stupendous! When he speaks, your soul vibrates, and he has such beautifully curling black hair!" Mrs. Dulcimer is satisfied. This lady is a person well known in æsthetic circles, and she is glad that Lady Solid and her daughter should hear the remark as they came in. "In what style is his talent?" asks she of the ecstatic beauty, and is a little puzzled at the voluble answer; for Mrs. Fairyland insists that he is everything—tragedy, comedy, farce, and melodrama, are all in his marvellous *répertoire*. "His versatility is immense," says she; but she is almost as impetuous, and almost as didactic five minutes afterwards on the unparalleled gifts of a recent designer, whose patterns of pomegranate and sun-flowers far surpass those of any other maker of embroideries, of papers or stuffs, past or present. Lady Solid turns from her in disgust, for she can get nothing logical out of her, and, what is worse, she finds time to put nothing logical in herself. She is quite annoyed at the high-flown expressions of admiration that Mrs. Fairyland sees fit to bestow upon the room. Lady Solid can find nothing to say on that subject, and looks on a little superciliously at the great deal which Mrs. Fairyland finds to say upon it. "You are a fortunate woman to have had *such* a decorator," for the decorator happens to be a particular *protégé*, and for the sake of winning him a new client Mrs. Fairyland will not even be angry when presently the hostess remarks that Mr. Mincing took a special interest in her own private room, because he felt that she was able to appreciate his delicate art in a degree that was given to few women. "This cornice was designed on purpose for me," she concludes, and

smiles contemptuously when Mrs. Fairyland declares that she has seen it in two houses decorated a year before. Lady Solid is glad when the dainty poke-bonneted one takes her leave. She has positively been talking to her own daughter, a self-sufficient young woman, fortunately of silent habit, but both are now solaced by the simultaneous arrival of two learned men, known to themselves as minds equal to serious conversation. "A sadly flippant creature, that pretty little Mrs. Fairyland," remarks Lady Solid to the hostess. "When there are so many vital questions now agitating society, it is distressing to see anyone so little able to compass their magnitude, is it not, Mr. Unfathomable?" "Oh, well now, I do think Mrs. Fairyland awfully pretty and charmingly delightful," declares Mrs. Dulcimer, stoutly; and even the professor, who is really a learned man, is so far influenced by emphatic loveliness, as but to answer mildly, "One can't expect a woman to be always thinking of these things!" But Lady Solid is not pleased with this, neither is Miss Solid, whom Mr. Unfathomable means and is meant to please. He knows he has made a mistake, and hastens to entertain propositions about the Darwinian theory, and other matters which he knows both these ladies think they consider and can discuss. Mrs. Dulcimer improves the shining hour with Professor Number Two, but she gathers little of what he professes, and has made small way upon the subject of remorse as a sure index of guilt, before a spirit more congenial to herself appears in the person of Sir Frederick Smoothover. He is a beau of the very first water; he will help her to maintain sentiment and repartee; he is a godsend. "Dear Sir Frederick," whispers she, "now I really did not dare to hope you would come again so soon!" Mrs. Dulcimer is confidential, not expecting dear Sir Frederick to answer in a loud voice, and to say, "I was afraid you would think me very remiss. I haven't been to see you for two months, and then I could only stay ten minutes!" But even the best and most invaluable of men *will* say the wrong thing sometimes! Tea comes in. Mr. Unfathomable and his friend hand it to the ladies of intellect, Sir Frederick attends to the hostess. But the hostess takes no tea—she has nerves; and even Lady Solid objects, while Mr. Unfathomable is sure that it ruins the proportion of phosphates in the system. Mr. Unfathomable, though a man of science, is not a doctor, and he is apt to make mistakes.

The company is now enlivened by the presence of Miss Make-the-best-of-it. She is a quiet and simple damsel, determined to inscribe her name anywhere and everywhere for the sake of woman's suffrage, but not otherwise of intellectual capacity equal to the test of Lady Solid. And Lady Solid always stays a long time, especially when her daughter is with her, and Mr. Unfathomable is present. She stays a long time to-day. Mrs. Dulcimer wishes she would go; wishes they would all go, in fact, with one exception. Miss Make-the-best-of-it talks faintly with Professor Number Two. "What do you think of 'Daniel Deronda'?" asks he. "I never met him. Does he go to Mrs. Gathering's Thursday evenings?" she answers, demurely; and then she is afraid of being out alone in the dark, and Lady Solid, a kindly woman to those who have no pretensions, sees her home in the barouche. The professors have shaken hands solemnly, and are gone. At last Mrs. Dulcimer has the *bonne bouche* of her day at home. The room is cool, the candle-light is becoming, and she talks with the pet stray sheep of the afternoon. No matter what he say, and, if of the right type, no matter who he be; he is a man, and he is the last.

The conversation is desultory; neither are sorry when the house master comes home; but this, at all events, is the best part of that "day at home" for which Mrs. Dulcimer will have to pay so dearly, in playing satellite to-morrow to Mrs. Temperate. How often does she silently wish it did not come once a week! How often does she repent the institution when it interferes with some coveted pleasure! But this is the penalty of being a busy and a fashionable woman, and of knowing "such crowds of people."

LITERATURE.

MAY'S DEMOCRACY IN EUROPE.

Democracy in Europe. A History. By Sir Thomas Erskine May, K.C.B., D.C.L. In Two Volumes. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

In reading through these two volumes we are constantly reminded by the tone of Sir Thomas May's reflections of the familiar aphorism, "They that live in mountainous countries, rarely lack the courage to defend them." This sentence might have been put on the title-page of the work to indicate the purpose of the author and his vein of philosophical speculation. The work is called a history, and it is cast in the narrative form, but speculation rather than narrative, as the preface explains, has been Sir Thomas May's object; he has aimed not so much at the presentation of facts as at the elucidation of the action of certain social forces in different communities. The conditions of national life which form the subject of his inquiry and his historical illustrations, are set forth with admirable clearness in an introduction. The various causes, social, physical, religious, educational, which favour the development of free institutions, are there duly enumerated, and the generalisations are of the type that we have quoted. The aggregation of individuals in towns is conducive to freedom. Hot climates induce a lethargic habit of mind, and predispose men to acquiescence in whatever form of government is established by the more active spirits. Superstition readily becomes the ally of despotism, surrounding the person of the autocratic ruler with divine sanctions. Enlightenment is inimical to tyranny. Commerce, by promoting free intercourse of nations and interchange of ideas, inclines communities towards assuming the management of their own affairs. Such are the main propositions which Sir Thomas May illustrates by a rapid survey of the histories of Greece, Rome, the Italian Republics, Switzerland, France, and England, enforcing his lessons further, on the method of contrast, by a chapter on the governments of the East. The extreme scope of his reflections appears in the manner in which he qualifies the generalisation about the freedom of mountainous countries. The mountains must not be too big, otherwise they produce the very opposite of their usual effect. "Where Nature assumes its grandest and most awful forms, men have generally been most prone to superstition. Impressed with a deep sense of their own weakness and insignificance, they bow down, with terror, before their gods, whose majestic powers are ever present, and whose vengeance they have been taught to dread. Amidst overhanging precipices, the threatening avalanche, the swollen torrent, and thunder and lightning, a mountain peasant may well be prepared for his doom. Earthquakes, hurricanes, and pestilence appeal, no less terribly, to the fears and imagination of helpless men. It is the lot of many ever to gaze upon rugged mountains, crowned with eternal snow, and reaching upwards to the heavens; or volcanoes vomiting forth flames and burning ashes; or wide impetuous rivers; or a rock-bound coast, the sport of storms and clouds; or a boundless desert, or tangled forest; and how can they fail to humble themselves before the awful and mysterious powers of Nature and of God? With a reasonable faith, and an intelligent comprehension of physical laws, such phenomena as these exalt the imagination, and arouse the soul to the highest religious emotions. But with superstition and ignorance, they encourage an awe-stricken worship, or helpless fatalism. Instead of raising men above themselves, by the contemplation of the wonderful works of their Creator, they inspire abject fears and moral abasement. Without self-respect, or assurance of the high destinies of man, there can be no striving for social and political progress."

From this quotation it may be judged that Sir Thomas May's history of Democracy owes no part of its interest to daring paradox or subtle analysis. It is, in short, a pleasant after-dinner book, raising no difficulties, provoking little dissent, animated enough in its style to prevent the reader from going to sleep, yet not so

urgently original in its thought that one might not go to sleep over it without awakening to a grave sense of neglected duty. It invites us into no trackless wastes or perplexing jungles of history, but conducts us over smooth highroads at a cheerful amble. Sir Thomas May is an eminently "eupeptic" writer. The flow of his periods, as well as the course of his thought, is even and sustained; page succeeds page, and chapter succeeds chapter, at an equable pace, without jerk or jolt, or the slightest breach of continuity. He makes no attempt to dazzle by brilliant epigram, or to bewilder by profound speculation. It would be difficult to name a work more entirely devoid of pretension. The title of the book seems to challenge comparison with De Tocqueville's 'Democracy in America,' but Sir Thomas May hastens to declare in his preface that "neither in learning nor in leisure could he feel himself equal" to fulfilling all that might seem to be implied in the title. We may doubt whether a man who is sensible that he has neither sufficient learning nor sufficient leisure should undertake a subject of such extent and difficulty and so stand in the way of a more thorough historian and analyst; but criticism is disarmed of its severity by a writer who sets so just a value on his own work. And Sir Thomas May is as generous and unprejudiced in his estimates of other labourers in the same field as he is modest in his estimate of himself. It becomes evident, as he proceeds, not only that his historical information is second-hand, which he admits in his preface, but that, though his reading has been extensive, he has not mastered the most recent authorities; still, his shortcomings are not caused by prejudice. Such is Sir Thomas May's dispassionate habit of mind that he does justice even to Comte, whose genius for historical speculation has been obscured by his religious vagaries. "This author," he says, "will be often cited in the course of this work;" "not," he is careful to add, "because I am attracted by his peculiar philosophy, but because he displays a remarkable historical insight, wholly distinct from his strange theories of the religious and social destinies of mankind." That calmness of mind, that freedom from "mists of passionate affection," which was claimed by "the judicious Hooker," and which an indulgent posterity has not distinguished from constitutional feebleness and intellectual indecision, is really and truly the possession of Sir Thomas May. Absence of pretension, calm, dignified, and withal clear-sighted impartiality, respectable erudition, and a genial unaffected sympathy with general well-being and progress, are the prominent qualities in his history of Democracy. There is no trace in his work of a restless desire to thrust forward his own views; he is anxious to do justice to everybody; and he wishes to see everybody happy. These qualities make his book the very *beau ideal* for after-dinner reading.

Sir Thomas May's unwillingness to annoy his readers with striving after rigid intellectual precision is well shown in his refusal to define the word "Democracy." He will not define it, and he asserts the liberty of using it in different senses. The convenience of the writer in such matters is not always the convenience of the reader, but forewarned is forearmed, and the scientific student of the movements of the democratic force has himself to blame if he does not take the hint given in the preface, and frets afterwards at inconsistent applications of the term. "Most of the examples of popular power which the history of Europe affords," Sir Thomas May says, "are those of political liberties and franchises, rather than of Democracy. But I have thought it better to use a comprehensive term, which embraces every degree of popular power or influence, whether in a constitutional monarchy or in a republic." To do him justice, he is much too steadily clear-sighted to fall into confusion in his use of words. He always knows clearly enough what he means, and his meaning can easily be ascertained by reference to the context and to the prefatory statement in which he explains the different senses in which the word "Democracy" is commonly applied. "As a form of government, it signifies the sovereignty of the whole body of the people. But there are as many degrees and conditions of Democracy, as of liberty; and the term also comprehends the political power, or influence, of the people, under all forms of government. It denotes a principle or force, and not simply an institution; and it is in this sense, that the term is to be generally understood, in this history. But it is also used in some other senses, which, if not so accurate, have been sanctioned by conventional use. For example, in default of a more extended vocabulary, it is often spoken of as a revolutionary force, opposed to existing institutions, if not to law and order; and in view of many popular movements abroad, such a term can scarcely be misapplied. Again, it sometimes refers to the humbler citizens of a State, as opposed to the Aristocracy; and, lastly, it is taken to define a particular type of Democracy, such as the Athenian, the Florentine, or the French Democracy. In short, the sense in which the word is used, in any case, can only be judged aright from the context." Sir Thomas May might have added that by Democracy he sometimes means the organised government of the people by the people, sometimes the pressure of the people for such an organisation, and sometimes their pressure within such an organisation against unorganised social forces, which prevent the free employment of their constitutional power. But such subtleties are not in his way, and in the broader applications of the word his meaning is sufficiently clear. Thus when we find him saying, in reference to the Revolution of 1688, that it "was founded on *the Democratic principle*," and presently afterwards that "to reproach the Whig writers of that day with *Democratic* sentiments can only provoke a smile;" and that "it is certain that *Democracy* formed no part of the politics of England," we must not conclude from these apparently flat contradictions that he uses the word at random. We have only to remember the explanations given in the preface to see that in the one passage he means "the political power, or influence, of the people under all forms of government"—a sense in which it is true to say that the policy of the Russian Government is "founded upon the Democratic principle;" while in the other passages he is speaking of democracy "as a revolutionary force opposed to law and order," a sense in which it is true to say that Democracy does not exist in England. If Sir Thomas May had confined himself to tracing its operations in the latter sense, he would have written a very different book; and if he had chosen the other sense, he would probably have found the subject so vague that he would have abandoned the idea of writing about it at all.

KEATS'S LETTERS TO FANNY BRAWNE.

Letters of John Keats to Fanny Brawne. Written in the Years MDCCCXIX. and MDCCCXX., and now given from the Original Manuscripts. With Introduction and Notes by Harry Buxton Forman. London: Reeves and Turner.

It is a pity that these letters should have been dragged into the light of public print. Mr. Forman makes a very lame excuse for the desecration of the writer's privacy when he says that the lady to whom they were addressed "did not, towards the end of her life, regard their ultimate publication as unlikely"—did, in fact, give orders that they should be carefully guarded, "as they would some day be considered of value;" and that they were entrusted to him by their present owners "to be arranged and prepared for the press." These reasons affect the legality but not the propriety of the publication. Mr. Forman, unless he thinks that no respect whatever should be paid to the feelings of a man who has been dead as long as Keats, and that the most prying curiosity with regard to his deepest feelings may legitimately be gratified, should have asked himself further whether the writer of the letters would have approved of their being read and commented on by all and sundry. The mere fact that a man is a poet does not give the world a better right, though it may create a greater curiosity, to know more of his heart's secrets than he chooses to divulge. We all praised, the other

day, the good taste with which Mr. McCullagh Torrens, in his life of Lord Melbourne, refrained from publishing the letters of Lady Caroline Lamb to her husband. Lord Melbourne was a statesman and John Keats was a poet, but there is no reason why, in the one case more than the other, disclosures should be made which would have given the most exquisite pain to the subjects of them if they had been alive. If a man chooses to publish his love-letters while he is alive, with the full consent of the other party, no one has any right to object. Hazlitt, in his 'Liber Amoris,' chose to take the world into his confidence about an unfortunate passion for his landlady's daughter, and the world laughed freely over his letters. But Keats was a man of a different stamp. How his fine sense of delicacy would have been excruciated by the prospect of such a publication as this, may be judged from a passage in one of his letters, in which he rages at his friends for making his love for Fanny Brawne a subject for ordinary discussion. "My friends have behaved well to me in every instance but one, and there they have become tattlers, and inquisitors into my conduct: spying upon a secret I would rather die than share it with anybody's confidence. For this I cannot wish them well, I care not to see any of them again. If I am the Theme, I will not be the Friend of idle Gossips. Good gods what a shame it is our Loves should be so put into the microscope of a Coterie." Though Keats was as indifferent as a human being could well be to what might happen after his death to everything concerning him except his poetry, he would not have relished his love affairs becoming the theme of idle gossips fifty years later any more than he did during his lifetime.

It is much to be regretted that Mr. Forman did not leave the record of the one passion which was by turns the joy and the torment of the last miserable years of the poet's life as it is to be found in Lord Houghton's 'Life and Letters of John Keats.' The only possible excuse that could have been offered for the publication of these love-letters would have been that it was necessary to vindicate the memory of Fanny Brawne. An unfavourable impression of this lady has been created lately by a passage in Sir Charles Dilke's memoir of his grandfather, who was a common friend of Keats and the Brawnes, and whose family were among the friends whose well-meant talk over his private concerns was so fiercely resented by the poet. "Keats," Sir Charles Dilke says, "died admired only by his personal friends and by Shelley; and even ten years after his death, when the first memoir was proposed, the woman he had loved had so little belief in his poetic reputation that she wrote to Mr. Dilke, 'The kindest act would be to let him rest for ever in the obscurity to which circumstances have condemned him.'" This apparently heartless sentence, taken in connexion with Sir Charles Dilke's opinion, founded, it was supposed, on family traditions, that Keats "'gave in' to a passion which killed him as surely as ever any man was killed by love," did unquestionably lend itself to the idea that Fanny Brawne was an accessory with the *Quarterly* to Keats's death. Keats, as we all know, died of consumption. Consumption was in the family, and consumption, accordingly, some people think, would have been the proper prosaic answer to Lord Byron's famous question, "Who killed John Keats?" Still, it is evident to any careful reader of Lord Houghton's memoir that, though consumption was the medical cause of Keats's death, the only cause of which any traces were left for *post mortem* examination, he might have escaped his hereditary malady for many years, but for three other contributory causes. The attack of the *Quarterly*, in the absence of any compensatory public recognition of his genius, was one; poverty was another; and hopeless passion was a third. If "Endymion" had met the reception which it deserved, or if Keats had been exempt from pecuniary cares, or if he had been able to marry the woman he loved—if any one of these conditions had fallen to his lot, he would probably not have succumbed so easily to the disease which proved fatal to him. And if Miss Brawne was in any way responsible for the loss of one of our greatest poets before his powers had reached their full maturity, she certainly would be entitled to the opposite of grateful remembrance. She was engaged to Keats some two years before his death; and Sir Charles Dilke seems to imply that not only did she fail to understand his genius, which would have been a venial offence on the part of a girl of nineteen, but that she jilted him cruelly, and so hastened his death.

Jilting is not generally a very grave enormity on the part of a woman; still, as it would have helped to tragic consequences in this case, Miss Brawne's family would perhaps have been justified in publishing these letters if they had been necessary to clear her memory from the odious charge. But they were not. Fanny Brawne's name is not mentioned in Lord Houghton's memoir, but one has only to read Keats's last letters, written from his death-bed in Italy, to see that, though it may be true to say that Keats was killed by love as surely as ever any man was, no blame can be attached to the lady. The very words in which Keats expresses the agony of his hopelessness, show that she had no desire to break off the engagement. His illness and his poverty were the only obstacles to their union. The following are the two passages in which Keats pours out his despair to his friend Armitage Brown:—

> I wish to write on subjects that will not agitate me much. There is one I must mention and have done with it. Even if my body would recover of itself, this would prevent it. The very thing which I want to live most for, will be a great occasion of my death. I cannot help it. Who can help it? Were I in health it would make me ill, and how can I bear it in my state? I daresay you will be able to guess on what subject I am harping—you know what was my greatest pain during the first part of my illness at your house. I wish for death every day and night to deliver me from these pains, and then I wish death away, for death would destroy even those pains, which are better than nothing. Land and sea, weakness and decline, are great separators, but Death is the great divorcer for ever. When the pang of this thought has passed through my mind, I may say the bitterness of death is passed.
>
> The persuasion that I shall see her no more will kill me. My dear Brown, I should have had her when I was in health, and I should have remained well. I can bear to die—I cannot bear to leave her. Oh, God! God! God! Everything I have in my trunks that reminds me of her, goes through me like a spear. The silk lining she put in my travelling cap scalds my head. My imagination is horribly vivid about her—I see her—I hear her. There is nothing in the world of sufficient interest to divert me from her a moment. This was the case when I was in England; I cannot recollect, without shuddering, the time that I was a prisoner at Hunt's, and used to keep my eyes fixed on Hampstead all day. Then there was a good hope of seeing her again—Now—O that I could be buried near where she lives! I am afraid to write to her—to receive a letter from her—to see her handwriting would break my heart—even to hear of her anyhow, to see her name written, would be more than I can bear.

The intense passion of these letters shows with what truth it may be said that John Keats was killed by despairing love, and at the same time makes it clear that adverse fate, and not female cruelty, was answerable for his unhappiness. The only thing that can be said to Miss Brawne's discredit is that she had not sufficient generosity, or sufficient faith in the greatness of her lover, to marry him in spite of his illness and poverty, and in spite of the advice of her friends. There is no evidence that she offered to do this. If she had, she would have been amply rewarded for the sacrifice by the gratitude of posterity. As it was, she earned neither gratitude nor blame. She simply acted with ordinary prudence, as became a sensible, pretty woman. She was willing to wait till her lover had recovered his health, but she would not rashly throw away her freedom, and spend her life in nursing an invalid. We may regret that Keats's passion was lavished upon so commonplace an object, and that his life was shortened by his passion, but she cannot reasonably be blamed for not setting the dictates of discretion at defiance.

There was really nothing to add to Lord Houghton's account of the relations between Keats and Fanny Brawne. It is no surprise to those who have read his memoir, that Keats should appear in these love-letters as a man of much stronger fibre than the first critics of his poetry supposed. His engagement to Miss Brawne was contracted before his first serious illness. He seems

to have recognised from the first that the hand of death was upon him, and to have offered, as an honourable man should have done, to release her from the engagement. She was not cruel enough to accept the release, and he would have been more than human if he had pressed it upon her. No one can think the worse of him for candidly confessing, "How hurt I should have been had you ever acceded to what is, notwithstanding, very reasonable." He often recurred to the subject, uneasy, for her sake, that she should be tied to a man with one foot in the grave, yet too passionately in love to bear the thought of separation. "You know our situation," he says in another letter, "what hope is there if I should be recovered ever so soon—my very health will not suffer me to make any great exertion. I am recommended not even to read poetry, much less write it. I wish I had even a little hope. I cannot say forget me—but I would mention that there are impossibilities in the world. No more of this. I am not strong enough to be weaned—take no notice of it in your good night." Now and then, as his illness continued, and his chances of life receded, harsher words were wrung from him in the depths of his agony, but, except in these darker hours, his letters breathe nothing but manly tenderness and unselfish passion. It is precisely because these passing harshnesses may be taken as representing Keats's habitual mood that Mr. Forman does an outrage to his memory by publishing them. The poet was not himself when he wrotesuch a letter as that printed at page 93. It is thoroughly out of keeping with the prevailing sanity and manliness of his love-making. Nothing can justify the publication of utterances extorted in his mad fits of despair from a man who is struggling with a disease which he knows to be mortal. A veil should be drawn over such moments, and the biographer who rudely lifts it, and invites the world to come and study the "psychological significance" of the victim's ravings, commits an offence which it is difficult to characterise in adequate language.

Mr. Forman's notes and introduction are such as might have been expected from anyone who undertook the responsibility of giving these letters to the public. They are dry, unsympathetic, and dull, in the most extreme degree. The most notable achievement in the introduction is an attempt to fix the exact day of the month on which Keats's passion for Fanny Brawne commenced, an attempt all the more extraordinary that Mr. Forman detects a "psychological significance" in the fact that hardly any of the thirty-seven letters are dated. An appendix is devoted to fixing "the locality of Wentworth Place," from which some of the letters were written. We confess we had not the patience to read beyond the following sentence:—"From the expression in Letter XVII., 'When I send this round I shall be in the front parlour watching to see you show yourself for a minute in the garden,' it is natural to infer that the faces of the two houses were in a line; and the further inference is that, from the back parlour, which we know was not to be Keats's regular sitting-room, he could see some window in Mrs. Brawne's house."

MICHAEL ANGELO AND CAMPANELLA.

The Sonnets of Michael Angelo Buonarroti and Tommaso Campanella, now for the first time translated into Rhymed English. By John Addington Symonds. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

The first thing that strikes the reviewer, in reading this volume, is the almost insurmountable difficulty that has been patiently and conscientiously faced. In no previous work has Mr. Symonds shown the particular quality of thorough perseverance that we feel in every page of this. To translate Michael Angelo and Campanella, two of the most crabbed and obscure of writers, at all is a very considerable feat; but to go through the entire series of the sonnets of each, and to present us with a literal translation into rhymed sonnet-form of each one, this is indeed a *tour de force*, of which, as we have said, the first impression is that it must have been very difficult. We are far, however, from meaning what Dr. Johnson did when he said that a certain piece of music was difficult; we should have missed, if Mr. Symonds had found the task impossible, a very interesting and curious volume, and as we read these sonnets more carefully, the sense of their ruggedness recedes, and their force and beauty of thought become more apparent. It will be noticed that Mr. Symonds claims that his translation of Michael Angelo's sonnets is the first in English, and he does this on the perfectly justifiable ground that Wordsworth, Roscoe, Harford, and others, have given only specimens of the *rifacimento*, while he himself goes back to the original text. Except a few pieces printed by Vasari and by Varchi, none of Michael Angelo's poems were published until fifty-nine years after his death. It was then that a grand-nephew of the great man, and his namesake, conceived the idea of editing these works in verse, and transcribed them from the collection in the Vatican. But when he had copied them out, he was terrified at the ghost he had summoned out of the past. The boldness of Michael Angelo's thought, the ruggedness of his style, and the numerous faults of his versification, were more than this Della Cruscan worthy could bear, and he ventured to touch them up, and actually refashion them. In 1623 he published his amended version, and this, the *rifacimento*, as it is called, has been the text of the poems until our own time. "In fact," as Mr. Symonds amusingly says, "Michael Angelo the poet suffered no less from his grand-nephew than Michael Angelo the fresco-painter from his follower, Daniele da Volterra," who was commissioned to paint garments upon the master's grand nude figures in the Sistine Chapel. It was not until 1863 that Signor Guasti, after carefully collecting all the manuscript authorities, published the "Rime" of Michael Angelo, exactly as he had left them, with all the errors, imperfections, and rough beauties. This genuine text is what Mr. Symonds has taken as the basis of his translation. Perhaps as good a way as any of observing the difference between the improved text of 1623 and the untouched version of 1863, will be to compare a translation by Wordsworth from the former with one of the same sonnet by Mr. Symonds from the latter:—

Yes! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed;
For if of our affections none find grace
In sight of Heaven, then, wherefore hath God made
The world which we inhabit? Better plea
Love cannot have, than that in loving thee
Glory to eternal Peace is paid,
Who such divinity to thee imparts,
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
That hope is treacherous only whose love dies
With beauty, which is varying every hour;
But, in chaste hearts uninfluenced by the power
Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,
That breathes on earth the air of Paradise.

A very pretty poem, but surely this is more characteristic of the savage force of Michael Angelo:—

It must be right sometimes to entertain
Chaste love with hope not over-credulous;
Since if all human loves were impious,
Unto what end did God the world ordain?
If I love thee, and bend beneath thy reign,
'Tis for the sake of beauty glorious,
Which in thine eyes divine is stored for us,
And drives all evil thought from its domain.
This is not love whose tyranny we own,
In loveliness that every moment dies;
Which, like the face it worships, fades away;
True love is that which the pure heart hath known,
Which alters not with time or death's decay,
Yielding on earth earnest of Paradise.

In their academic and brushed-up form, at least, every student of modern European literature knows something about the poems of Michael Angelo; but in the second section of his volume, Mr. Symonds has introduced us to an entirely unknown poet. Tommaso Campanella, famous enough as a free-thinking philosopher, wrote verses which were utterly unknown in his own country until lately, and even now are scarcely to be found out of Italy. A little while ago the British Museum possessed no line of them, the modern edition not having

reached England, and the original publication of 1622 being as nearly extinct as a book can be and yet be occasionally heard of. Campanella was a martyr to the Inquisition, and languished in Neapolitan dungeons during all the best years of his life, expiating there the crime of having foreseen the philosophical discoveries of modern thought. He was an idealist, and a worshipper of Nature, burning with enthusiasm for liberty in a State burdened with gross superstition, and he suffered the bitterest persecution. Born in 1568, he became an object of suspicion to the Church in his youth, and was condemned, by the Holy Inquisition at Rome, to perpetual imprisonment. But though the bigots and tyrants confined, and tortured, and almost killed him, they could not crush his genius; he belonged to the most heroic type of militant thinkers; and even in prison, he wrote books, and won disciples. Among the latter was a German nobleman, Tobia Adami by name, who is supposed to have been a Court-Counsellor at Weimar, and who visited Campanella in his dungeon, until an intimate friendship sprang up between them, and the Italian philosopher entrusted his poems to Adami for publication. Accordingly, these *cantiche*, or at least a selection from them, made their appearance in 1622 from a German press, wretchedly got up on bad paper, and this edition, of which only one or two copies exist, is the basis of Mr. Symonds' translation. It did not bear the author's name, but the odd pseudonym Settimontano Squilla, the Bell with the Seven Bumps, referring at once to the meaning of the word Campanella and to a curious formation of the writer's skull.

The sonnets of Campanella, for which the English student owes Mr. Symonds liberal thanks, are exceedingly strange and mystical. In style they remind us of the Elizabethan gnomic poets, Chapman and Lord Brooke, and they are at least as crabbed and grotesque. Their intense earnestness and fiery conviction contrast most strangely with the Italian poetry of their age, which was either, with Marini, gone wholly astray after *rococo* ornament and clustering *concetti*, or, with Tassoni and the writers of burlesque epics, had lost all sense of the serious mission of the poet. The sonnets treat of four principal themes—the writer's antagonism to the faded theories of the pseudo-Aristotelian schoolmen, his political views regarding kingcraft, the body of the State and popular liberty, his astrological and prophetic utterances regarding the future of Italy, and, finally, a poetical record of his own personal sufferings. Mr. Symonds has translated all but two, in which the astrological allusions were so extremely involved and obscure that he judged it inexpedient to attempt a translation. But he has amply atoned for this omission by giving us a very noble canzone by Campanella, full of sombre passion and fervent thought, intrinsically one of the most valuable poems in the volume. Verse has rarely been employed to embody ideas so full of pain and labouring anguish of soul; this canzone reminds us of some of the most agonised utterances of Leopardi.

The sonnet, however, in this whole collection with which we are most charmed and impressed, is one which Mr. Symonds has thrown in as a kind of motto, to unite in one harmony spirits so distinct as Michael Angelo and Campanella. It seems to be doubtful to whom this sublime poem is to be attributed; Giordano Bruno and Tansillo are severally named as the author of it. No words could better embody the temper of these noble Italians of the sixteenth century, fighting what seemed a hopeless battle for the truth against the legions of superstition, tyranny, and ignorance:—

Now that these wings to speed my wish ascend,
The more I feel vast air beneath my feet,
The more towards boundless air on pinions fleet,
Spurning the earth, soaring to heaven, I tend:
Nor makes them stoop their flight the direful end
Of Dædal's son; but upward still they beat:—
What life the while with my life can compete,
Though dead to earth at last I shall descend?
My own heart's voice in the void air I hear:
Where wilt thou bear me, O rash man? Recall
Thy daring will! This boldness waits on fear!
Dread not, I answer, that tremendous fall:
Strike through the clouds, and smile while death is near,
If death so glorious be our doom at all.

The specimens quoted will suffice to show that Mr. Symonds is a very able translator; we may safely trust him in Michael Angelo, where we can check him, and in Campanella where we cannot, to give us an accurate and yet poetical version of the original. As a rule, he adheres strictly to the metrical form of the sonnet, but he acknowledges that in some cases, where it was impossible to retain both the exact thought and the exact form, he has dropped the latter, and no purist can well complain of this.

RELIGION IN CHINA.

Religion in China. By Joseph Edkins, D.D. Second Edition. London: Trübner and Co. 1878.

To many the appearance of a work on religion in China will recall the Dutch traveller's famous chapter "On the Snakes of Iceland," which De Quincey was so fond of quoting. Qualified observers of the Chinese have come to the conclusion that no religion, as the term is generally understood, is to be found in the Celestial Empire, and that the teeming millions which inhabit it, numbering about a third of the human family, are one and all either professedly or practically Atheists. Temples, it is true, and idols are to be found everywhere, priests and religious ministering at the shrines are to be counted by hundreds and thousands, the roads leading to the holy mountains are black with pilgrims at stated seasons, and various other manifestations of religious activity abound. All this notwithstanding, the questions still remain unsolved, Do the Chinese believe in God? Do they believe in the soul, and in a future state? Do religious sanctions exist, and are they operative on conduct, are they influential in promoting virtue and in checking vice?

The book before us is the second edition of a work first published in 1859. The author, Dr. Joseph Edkins, of the London Missionary Society, has lived some quarter of a century in China. His knowledge of Chinese, evidenced in his numerous works on that difficult language, and his general scholarship, in which he is equalled by few if any of his colleagues and fellow-workers, fit him in a peculiar manner for the researches he has undertaken with a view to determine the religious belief of the Chinese. As a Christian missionary, his attitude of antipathy to the native religious systems may perhaps have hindered him from adequately recognising such merits as they may possess; but though traces of bias, due to the fervour and sincerity of the author's own religious convictions, may be detected here and there, the *odium theologicum* never leads him into wilful misrepresentation or perversion of the truth. Still the value of his labours is somewhat impaired by the fact that they were chiefly directed with a view to ascertaining how far the received beliefs of China would prove a help or a hindrance to the introduction and spread of Christianity in that country, and the narrowness of the standpoint has not conduced to thoroughness or freedom of treatment. Hence, perhaps, in some measure, it is that, rising from the perusal of his work, we feel little nearer the solution of the problem discussed in it than we were before. In justice to the learned missionary we must not underrate the difficulties that beset him in attempting to probe the question. Not the least of them is that of extracting from an ordinary Chinese his opinions on any subject whatever, and when the inquirer is a foreigner the difficulty is increased. The natural timidity and caution of the race, their lubricity, their very politeness which prompts to a ready assent with the views of their interrogator when they get the least inkling of a "lead," baffle the patient searcher after the truth, and mar the best-directed efforts to arrive at it. The difficulty reaches the dimensions of an impossibility when the person subjected to the "pumping" process does not know his own mind, or has no mind of his own at all, on the matter inquired

into, and this we take it is the normal mental state of the Chinese as far as religious belief is concerned.

Three great systems, one philosophical, the other two religious, co-exist in China at this moment. The philosophical system is Confucianism, the religious systems are Buddhism and Taoism. The system of Confucius, inasmuch as it possesses a mode of worship, is spoken of by Dr. Edkins as a religion, though this, as we shall see presently, must be considered rather a straining of language. It is only in China, as he justly remarks, that "three powerful religions have existed together for ages without one of them being successful in destroying the rest." Still more remarkable is the fact that these three "religions," though totally different in character, and on a variety of points opposed to and incompatible with one another, "exist side by side not only in the same locality, but in the belief of the same individuals. It is quite a common thing in China for the same person to conform to all three modes of worship." This is, indeed, a phenomenon almost unique—a daring exhibition of mental gymnastics rivalling, and indeed surpassing, the physical courage and agility displayed by the bold performer in the circus, who rides three bare-backed horses abreast. What should we say of a European who—to take, we admit, an extreme case—professed at one and the same time a belief in Comtism, Ultramontanism, and Mohammedanism? Surely we should regard such a plethoric exuberance of faith as tantamount to downright infidelity. Granted that there is no such violent antithesis between the religions of China as that which exists between the systems cited in our illustration, still the fact remains that these religions differ fundamentally in their principles, their aims, and their tenets, and that an earnest, thorough-going belief in any one of the three is incompatible with a similar belief in either of the others. Dr. Edkins refers the anomaly to three causes, which the reader curious in such matters will find set forth in the fifth chapter of his work. To our thinking, the clue to the mystery is to be found in the absence of the imaginative faculty in the Mongolian race.

The immense popularity of Confucius in China is mainly due to the fact that he faithfully reflected the genius of the nation. He represents all the peculiarities of the Chinese mind—its weakness as well as its strength. And in no particular does he more faithfully represent it than in the characteristic absence of the element of ideality or imaginativeness. The visible, the tangible, the practical, the useful—with these he was solely concerned. Four subjects he would never discuss. These were supernatural appearances, feats of physical strength, civil commotions, and spiritual beings. These matters, with the exception of the third group, were of an uncommon and exceptional character; it required an effort of the imagination to form a conception of them, and belief in them demanded a larger measure of faith than was consistent with the hard and practical character of the sage. His intense love of order it was, doubtless, which led him to eschew all reference to political disturbances. Had he lived in Dante's time, he would have heartily ratified the sentence of the poet, who consigned Brutus and Cassius, in company with Judas Iscariot, to the lowest circle in the infernal regions. Though Confucius took part in, and zealously upheld, for reasons of State policy, the ancient custom of offering sacrifices to the dead, he evaded the expression of any belief in the efficacy of the practice. In reply to a disciple, who questioned him on the subject, he said, "While you are not able to serve men, how can you serve their spirits?" "I venture to ask about death," pursued the disciple; and the answer was, "While you do not comprehend the problem of life, what can you know about death?" On another occasion he said with more fulness, but with equal ambiguity, "If I were to say that the dead are cognisant of what we do in their honour, I am afraid that dutiful children would ruin themselves in serving them; and if I were to say that the dead have no such cognisance, I fear that undutiful children would leave their parents unburied. You need not inquire whether the dead have any knowledge of these things or not. There is no immediate urgency on the point. Hereafter you will know it for yourself." One more quotation. When asked by Fan Ch'ih what constituted wisdom, he replied, "To devote yourself to the duties you owe your fellow-men, and not to concern yourself about spiritual beings—this may be called wisdom." These passages suffice, we think, to establish the religious scepticism of the sage and teacher of China. If it be not scepticism, it is at all events indifference or pococurantism. Now, no country has ever produced a thinker whose influence has been so profound or so penetrating as has been that of Confucius on the Chinese. His lightest sayings have been carefully treasured up by the Boswells of his time, and they are accepted by his countrymen as the utterances of an unerring and infallible oracle. It would not be surprising, therefore, to find that the same spirit of adiaphorism which characterised the sage should, at the present day, be a conspicuous "note" of the Chinese character. And Dr. Edkins's book furnishes abundant confirmation that this is the case. The ordinary Chinese may begin his day by worshipping before the tablet of Confucius, then pass on to a Buddhist temple and burn his stick of incense before the image of Kuan Yin, the Goddess of Mercy, and complete his devotional rounds by visiting a Taoist shrine, to obtain from the God of Medicine some miraculous nostrum for his cough or his corn. But, to parody a famous phrase, he is a Confucianist first, and a Buddhist or Taoist, or both together, after. Dr. Edkins (p. 82) quotes some strictures on Buddhism from a work lately published by a Confucianist at Foochow, which may be regarded as a representative expression of educated thought in modern China. We quote a few sentences;—

> He proceeds to animadvert on the doctrine of hell and the metempsychosis, or the "revolving wheel" of life and death. It came from India, and it was when Buddhism was taught, he complains, that China heard for the first time of a return to life after death, of a judge of men's actions in Hades, of birth into another world, and of the acts of the present life being recollected in a future one. All these things come, he says, from the ever active human mind, which spontaneously believes in these doctrines, and likes to put faith in various supernatural beings. Whether we assent or deny them we cannot feel sure that we are right. We only know this that all religious doctrines and customs come out of the mind itself. His conclusion is that men have a natural tendency to believe in these things, that differences in opinion on religious matters depend on the country where they exist, and that there is no ground of certainty respecting them.

The limits of our space preclude us from attempting any account of the Buddhist and Taoist creeds. Buddhism was first preached in China in the first century of our era, when Brahminism drove it out of India. As practised by the Chinese, it is shorn of much of the mystic sublimity which characterised it in its Aryan home. But it ministers to that appetite for ceremonial which exists everywhere, and pre-eminently in a country like China, where social life is monotonous in the extreme, and where public life, as we understand it, can hardly be said to exist. In the case of the women particularly, the seclusion to which they are doomed in the East renders religious observances a welcome distraction amid the general gloom of their lives, and they, as might be expected, are the staunchest supporters of the Buddhist faith, or rather rites. Taoism originated with a mystic named Lao-tzŭ, who lived in the sixth century before Christ, and who was therefore a contemporary of Confucius. "Confucius," we are told, "conversed with him once, but never repeated his visit, for he could not understand him." This we can well believe, and we doubt if anyone has been much more successful since. From our own experience we can aver that Fichte is light reading compared with Lao-tzŭ's lucubrations. Taoism, as it now exists in China, is a mass of the most abject superstitions. Its priests trade in charms, incantations, miraculous powders, and "pretend or profess to tell fortunes by palmistry and otherwise." We cordially recommend this thoughtful and learned volume to everyone interested in the study of the History of Religion.

MR. BRASSEY ON LABOUR.

Lectures on the Labour Question. By Thomas Brassey, M.P. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

Mr. Bright, in his reforming days, sometimes said, in reply to unreasonable objections against the sameness of his speeches, that no man can be inexhaustibly original, and that so long as a portion of mankind are intellectually sluggish, or ignorant, or inattentive, or all three together, repetition is the only possible resource for securing the triumph of new principles. Mr. Brassey may plead the same necessity when, remounted for the eleventh time on his social platform, he once more flourishes his rhetorical flail over the re-thrashed dialectical straw. But it will not serve as an apology for his iteration of the same facts and arguments eleven times over in the course of the same book. Not only does each lecture in this volume turn on the proposition that the price of labour—like that of any other commodity—depends on the relation between the demand and supply, but the illustrations are repeated throughout, almost in the same words and figures. So that, though it contains only 258 pages, Mr. Brassey's book is really one of the longest of the season. Another fault, perhaps inherent, to some extent, in the form of publication, is the comparative staleness of some of the details which are given. It is rather too late in the day to re-assert the familiar, amiable platitudes about the beneficent example set by the arbitration over the *Alabama* claims. Statistics of a more recent date than 1874 were also available for the very interesting chapter on "Co-operation." Nor is it altogether pleasant to hear Mr. Brassey give expression, in the course of a lecture before a Christian Association, to certain words which sound too like a prayer for the soul of the late Mr. Mill. Mr. Brassey, however, may have considerately adapted the quality of his discourse to the mental capacity of his hearers. Perhaps, too, this is why the lecturer, in spite of his "inability to offer an opinion on the claims" of the Norfolk agricultural population to an increase of wages, proceeds to state as a "certainty" that "the *ex parte* statements of a band of agitators had excited high expectations" among the labourers. Of course, if Mr. Brassey was unable to decide the question one way or another, he had no right to employ expressions of such unpleasant import as "*ex parte*" and "agitators." But we hasten to add that elsewhere he cites figures, in abundance, to show that the agitation was fully justified by the results.

So much for the author's manner. As for the matter it is unnecessary to say that it fully sustains Mr. Brassey's well-deserved reputation as a wise counsellor on all questions connected with the conflict between labour and capital. The lectures are characteristic for the wealth and relevancy of their information, their clear common sense, their appreciation of conflicting views, and their absolute impartiality as between masters and workmen. The latter would do well to think over his deductions from the dependence of wages on the relation between supply and demand, and verify them by the experiences of the last twelve months. It is sad to think that English workmen think they can by combination, or any other means whatsoever, keep up wages in spite of a declining demand for, and a constant supply of, labour. It is not too much to say that their conduct during a period of industrial gloom has resembled that of primitive tribes, who, by shouting and stone-throwing, fancy they can scare off the moon-devouring frog of an eclipse. Of course the frog eventually disappears in either case; and in either case, too, the stone-throwers, movers of resolutions, strikers, or by whatever name they are known, wind up with the gratifying reflection—*post hoc, ergo propter hoc.* But a scientific observer like Mr. Brassey insists upon telling the operators that their game is not worth the candle. The competition between employers of labour must, when trade begins to revive, send up wages whether the men strike or no. He admits that a strike may occasionally hasten the process, though "in the long run" competition will and must produce the desired result. Perhaps it would be more correct to say, arguing from Mr. Brassey's own premisses, that the cost of a strike in a rising market will neutralise the gain derived from the forcing process referred to. The rise of wages in certain manufacturing districts of the Continent, and in the agricultural districts of the United States, was not preceded by unionist demands or demonstrations of any sort. On the other hand, we know from the past year's industrial history of this country, that strikes have cost the workmen, their employers, and, indirectly, the country at large, millions of money which they can never recover. To take one instance, the loss of the Oldham strikers have amounted to more than five years' value of the percentage for which they fought with the masters. And other unions might be named which not only have spent all their funds, but incurred debts which they cannot pay off for a long time to come. Thus, to say the least, it is extremely open to question whether even a victorious strike ever does pay. But all this, again, does not justify certain employers and critics, like Sir Edmund Beckett, in confounding the rate of wages with cost of production, and in ascribing to the former the present industrial stagnation and the dangers of successful rivalry on the part of continental and American producers. The strikes were the last, not the first, in the series of industrial events; and Mr. Brassey shows that dear production may coexist with a low rate of wages, as in Russia; or a high rate with a really cheap production, as in the United States.

By far the most interesting and valuable portions of the lectures are those in which the author describes what, as he considers, ought to be the aims and ambition of trade organisations; and in these he only gives expression to convictions which are gathering strength among the more intelligent sections of the working class. The Trades Union Congress itself is always reminding the operatives that strikes are barbarous and costly. It is not long since Messrs. Burt and Macdonald—two of their most trusted representatives—denounced the strikes of the present season as criminal and stupid. But unions, by encouraging the system of arbitration and conciliation, and by disseminating among the working classes some knowledge of the general industrial conditions of England and the world, might at any rate do much to prevent the senseless spectacle of a strike for undiminished wages in a falling market. Indeed, Mr. Brassey scarcely does full justice to the services which trade-unions have rendered in the delicate work of restoring harmony between the angry disputants in a wages quarrel. Nor in recommending them to appoint representatives for the purpose of personal observation abroad has he noticed the laudable and enlightened efforts which some of them have already made in that direction. The grand fact, upon which Mr. Brassey might have dwelt more fully, and which has been abundantly illustrated during the last twelve months, is that the tendency to strike diminishes in proportion to the degree of perfection which organisation may have attained in the particular trade or union. Where the organisation embraces a representative board of arbitration or conciliation, a strike seldom or never occurs. With these facts before him—and of course Mr. Brassey must be intimately acquainted with them—it is rather singular that he should have recommended "co-operative production" as the best means of ascertaining the fairness or the reverse of the employers' demands. A tailor who could carry the essentials at least of his "plant" in his waistcoat-pocket, might easily club with his fellow-tailors to start a co-operative concern as an experimental test of wages; but when you have to build, say, a cotton-mill, or furnish an iron works, or buy a coal mine, the process is apt to be tedious. Of course it may be contended that this very tediousness and difficulty only reveals the natural advantages and rights of the capitalist; but if it be Mr. Brassey's object to settle an argument, the shortest cut certainly seems to be towards the arbitration board. But of Mr. Brassey's utterances on co-operation as a distinctive, essential feature of the social state of the

future, one can only speak in terms of the greatest admiration and respect. We only wish that his excellent "lecture" on this great and interesting theme were in the hands of every working man in the land. How to apportion the results of industry between labour, capital, invention, and administration—all four of which are equally indispensable to the attainment of these results—that is, perhaps, the mightiest of the new problems which, sooner or later, will demand solution. Capitalists like Messrs. Briggs, Fox, and Head in this country, and M. Godin at Guise, in France—have been making successful efforts to solve it on their own account. The last gentleman's experiment with his co-operative house—or "social palace," with its 900 inhabitants—appears to be unique of its kind, and Mr. Brassey, in his detailed description of it, is led to particularise the various methods in which British workmen might co-operate for the sake of cheapness, comfort, and even elegance. He thinks they might co-operate for anything, from a Galton stove to operas and the Shakespearian drama. Perhaps England may some day owe to co-operation a new and beautiful architecture for the dwellings of the poor. And he even anticipates that the working classes, who suffer most from war, may yet co-operate throughout the world for the permanent establishment of peace.

TWICE LOVED.

Twice Loved. By Alice King. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Three is certainly the orthodox number of volumes for a novel, and perhaps three hundred is not a very extravagant number of pages for a volume; but in these days of impatience and condensation a story which occupies nearly a thousand pages is expected to contain no inconsiderable amount of incident and action. In 'Twice Loved' there is one rather ingenious plot against the happiness of a married couple, one false alarm which temporarily separates an engaged pair, an abortive shipwreck, the abduction and restoration of a child, and a sudden death. Twenty, or perhaps ten, years ago this catalogue would have held sufficient to exempt an author from being charged with exiguity of theme, but we are afraid that the vitiated temperament of modern readers will consider the sweetness of Miss King's narrative as exceedingly long drawn out; for a very small portion of her space is really occupied with telling her story, such as it is. Interminable representations of the heroine, from which we gather merely the impression of a healthy, commonplace, rather pretty English girl, with a decided taste for sermonising, consume a large proportion of space. There is enough description of scenery to furnish forth an average guide-book, or a story by Mr. Black, without a tithe of Mr. Black's descriptive power, and without the definiteness of Baedeker or Murray. Then we have all the characters pourtrayed, if not quite on the scale of the lady who is twice loved, yet with damnable iteration, instead of being allowed to disclose themselves in action, or express themselves in speech. Nor is it thought sufficient to give one phase of each person's life, or one stage of his development. The dramatic instinct which should be in every novelist is so entirely absent from Miss King that she cannot trust herself to exhibit any personal change, however slight or normal, by any other means than a direct verbal inventory. Nor do these positive and businesslike sketches always give a very distinct notion of the personal qualities to which they refer. Thus we do not learn much about "Aunt Bessie" from reading that she "then at once turned the conversation to something else, as was, her niece knew, always her way when she did not want to discuss a subject." This was no doubt very clever of Aunt Bessie, who otherwise was not a noticeable woman, but somehow it seems hardly idiosyncratic. Slightly different, however, is a trait attributed to Lady Zoe Vane, of whom it is said that "the free, haughty grace with which she threw back her head as she spoke the words [she had been what is vulgarly called "slanging" her governess] was *inexpressively* charming." Some charms are regarded as meaningless by modern enlightenment, but surely they are not the charms of a pretty girl. But we fear that "the fair, the chaste, the unexpressive She" will not save Miss King from perfectly justifiable misinterpretation. For her grammar on other occasions is not so irreproachable that we are compelled to resort to recondite explanations of an apparent solecism. Next to description Miss King loves tall talk. It is perhaps natural that even its author should tire in time of this sort of thing. "Between the tall, dark stems, the foam of the stream that had but lately left its mountain cradle twinkled merrily, the blue sky glimmered tenderly, the sunshine fell in pale amber patches. The wind had stripped bare some of the trees, and each slender twig, each sturdy limb, stood out clearly and sharply; but on the branches of some there still hung a fringe of red-brown leaves. Here the dark shining ivy crept about in quaint, graceful patterns, there green mosses spread out a soft carpet. Warm showers had fallen in the morning, and had made the trees, in the very beginning of their winter sleep, dream of Spring, so that their barks sent forth a nameless fresh, faint perfume. High up on a branch a robin was making his own quiet music." Or even of this:—"He was a very handsome man of about forty, with a manner marked by an easy grace, which showed itself to especial advantage whenever he drew near women. His face was a changeful face—a face that altered with lightning quickness from brightness to gloom; a face that had the sparkle of fun gleaming in the eyes and on the lips, but that might have the fire of strong passions smouldering somewhere behind." Especially when this is all the effect produced upon the heroine by so remarkable a spectacle:—"Violet concluded that he was only an ordinary tourist." Then how pleasant it must be, by way of relief, to write such conversation as this:—"'Never put off doing an unpleasant but inevitable thing, Herbert,' she said, going close to him, and laying her hand on his arm, 'because in that way you have to do it twice over, once in anticipation and once in reality.'" Some people are said to talk like a book. We think it may be said of the young lady who makes the above remark that she talks like a copy-book. At least, we remember nothing better in Darnell's 'Short and Easy Road to a Good Handwriting.' This young lady, it may be here remarked, is the heroine, Violet Woodford, who marries one Herbert Vane, having fallen a victim to his somewhat gloomy fascination while he was disguised as his own steward. This rather cheap mystery having been cleared up, it of course becomes Miss Woodford's duty to place the evils of dissimulation before her future husband in their proper light. The poor man is lamenting over the prospect of having to explain to his Welsh tenants that he is somebody else, and Violet thus at once consoles and admonishes him. "'I don't wonder that you are uneasy about this,' she said, gravely. 'You must, however, be brave and patient, and remember that the trouble springs entirely from your own weakness in coming here under a false name. It will, no doubt, unsettle people's minds about you for a while, but if you go on quietly in the right way, you will live it all down in time, and get back the full measure of their love and respect.'"

To have such a guide, philosopher, and friend always about one must indeed be what Artemus Ward called "a sweet boon." We wonder if Mrs. Caudle was anything like it before she married. Violet and Herbert make love in a sufficiently grandiose and decorous manner, but they are far surpassed in the former quality, at all events, by Professor Woodford, Violet's brother, who marries Lady Zoe Vane. Thus speaks the Professor to the object of his affections, in allusion to the trouble of his sister:—"My Zoe, this is no time for the full-blown flower of our happiness to bloom forth; it must linger for a time in the bud, but not the less will be our quiet joy in its perfume." Zoe naturally suggests the Maid of Athens, but what is Byron's poetry to Miss King's prose?—a Satyr to Hyperion.

Violet Woodford, before she succumbs to Herbert Vane, has been courted by his brother, Lord Ashbury, and to the pleasing circumstance that two brothers are in love with the same woman is due whatever plot the book before us can boast. We are aware that Thackeray and Bulwer Lytton may be quoted in support of these little family complications, but there are many other points in those authors which Miss King might well have imitated in preference to this. Lord Ashbury is an almost quaintly indecisive knave, who is supposed to atone for as rascally a transaction as can well be imagined by a melodramatic end. Certainly it may be said that "nothing in his life became him like the leaving it," for he left it without hesitation under pressure of heart-disease, and the scheme which he concocts with Anna Valmont, a sister of the first Mrs. Vane, for the annoyance of his brother and her wife, is as mean, petty, and malignant as any exposed at Bow Street. It does equal credit to his lordship's head and heart, and that it should have succeeded can only be ascribed to the extraordinary weakness and incompetence of his brother, who is always described as interesting and romantic, and always exhibits himself in what may be mildly called the opposite light. However, we may leave him in the happy recovery of a wife, who if morally somewhat "too bright and good for human nature's daily food," yet "was not what other young ladies would call accomplished. She could not draw, she did not sing, she did not play, she had never done a stitch of mere fancy work in her life," but, as we have already seen, she was "a rod to check the erring, and reprove." Imagine Mr. Vane's feelings when he was on the point of losing such a creature as this. As for Lord Ashbury, he must have been a fortune to the hotel-keepers, for his restless spirit continually drove him, in defiance of Horace, at a headlong pace through Europe. When he did come home, he was idolised by his neighbours, who loved "their earl," whether on his own merits or because there was no duke or marquess within reach, our authoress saith not. The professor marries the earl's daughter, and their married life is described in a style which may almost be called dithyrambic:—"What is the married life of Tom and Zoe Woodford like? The harmony of part-singing, the colours blending in the western sky at eventide—these are fair images, and yet they give little idea of the home where two noble human spirits work, side by side, for the pure and the true, each doing bravely his or her apponited task for man or woman." After some deliberation and a little doubt we conclude Miss King's moral to be that a brother and sister of great virtue and perseverance but humble birth may be rewarded by matrimonial alliance with the highest families. We may add that there is not a word which could shock or offend man, woman, or child in this wholly unobjectionable novel.

ART AT HOME.

Art at Home: The Dining-Room. By Mrs. Loftie. London: Macmillan and Co. 1878.

The writers of this series have entered on a difficult task. Art is no easy affair anywhere or anyhow, and 'Art at Home' presents a thousand obstacles to the usual reader, some of which are not without foundation. Art at Home takes time; it takes much thought, and, whatever its cunning advocates may urge to the contrary, it takes more or less money. And the books of this series are supposed to be written for those who have little money, as Mrs. Loftie tells us in her preface, "for inexperienced housekeepers of small income." Alas, we fear that such are too often so hardened in sin as to be incapable of seeing the error of their ways; and even were they able to afford the discarding of existing inartistic articles of furniture for more beautiful and really more serviceable ones, would refuse to believe in the advantage of the change. But Mrs. Loftie is no doubt merely picturing to herself an ideal of Art at Home—be it in the dining-room or elsewhere—and does most certainly refute any notion of dictatorial intention in the sentence of her preface where she says that her object "is not to lay down hard-and-fast laws, but to lead people to think for themselves." That is easier said than done, for the people who know how to think are few, and fewer still those who will be taught how to think, and fewer, again, those who can think to any purpose by putting into practice that which they have thought about. But Mrs. Loftie's aim is, nevertheless, a good one, and if people were inclined to be teachable they might learn a great deal from her well-written little book. Of course reforms are not made in a day, and when a modest couple—for, as we have before reminded ourselves, these books are written for the modest—when a modest couple, setting up house some five or six years ago, have been handsomely presented with a press-full of hideous-patterned damask, they are not in a position, when children are many and cares no less, to discard the useful and ugly for the beautiful, even though it may be just as useful. People talk a great deal of impracticable stuff under the denomination of what they call art. There is nearly as much nonsense talked in the good cause as against it. Of course, folk are very stupid, very dense to what is beautiful, and very obstinate about what is ugly, but there is nevertheless something to say on the side of what is ugly when it belongs to those who are both busy and poor, and of such is the greater portion of "inexperienced housekeepers." We do not care to do without such a pleasant thing as a piano, even though its shape be unlovely and its legs fat and tortuous. We cannot afford to throw away our unworn table-linen with the shocking rose-bud pattern that we may replace it by "overlays" of unbleached colour and red border, such as would please our improved taste; we do not always possess the convenient articles of bedroom furniture which can, with a small amount of labour, be converted into convenient and beautiful sideboards; and, chiefest of all, we have work to do, we have children to teach, and tend, and amuse, we have calls to pay, and visitors to receive, and a hundred little household duties of small dimensions and paramount importance to attend to; we have our bread to earn and our bread to save, and very little time in consequence wherein to distemper the walls of rooms, to nail up shelves, to fashion buffets out of old pieces of furniture, and to unravel fringes and work patterns upon kitchen dusters that may thus become fair table-napkins. No doubt there are many people in the world who have plenty of time to do, or see to the doing, of such things, and these might indeed make their houses beautiful at small expense, but we fear they are sure also to be just the people who would not be able to make much beauty, however much they set time and hand to the work. The ravelling of dusters and the working of patterns, the concocting of shelves and sideboards, is not to be done without ingenuity, and is done to very little purpose if not with a feeling for beauty and a knowledge of its laws. But certainly people would never be improved if nobody set to work to improve them, and we owe Mrs. Loftie and her coadjutors many thanks for their labours in the matter of Art at Home, while, in the present instance of the series, we are glad to find very little of the faults of aggressiveness and impracticability whereof we have been complaining. Mrs. Loftie has herself a keen sense of the absurdities often to be found in so-called "high-art." She gives an amusing quotation descriptive of an æsthetic dinner, at which there was nothing fit to eat and drink, though a great deal fit to look at and talk about; and she begins her pleasant little volume with some very satisfactory remarks about the incongruity of our bad cooking and lavish serving as contrasted with the *vice versâ* of a French dinner. Could we but persuade the British public, and, through it, the British cook, that "in England cooking does not as yet amount to a trade, far less to an art," we might hope for some amendment, but while self-sufficiency is so rife among both masters and servants it is to be feared the superiority of English meat will, as Mrs. Loftie remarks, "make up for all deficiencies of preparation." Thinking of the good cooking, the want of show, the absence of a waiting greengrocer, and the presence of light

and lively company at one of these Parisian meals, we cannot even grumble at the bare apartment which Mrs. Loftie so graphically describes, although we partly doubt the feasibility of imitating the French mode in making our back dining-room—study, or lumber-room—into a plain and quiet chamber wherein to eat our meals. The absence of "smell and bustle" would certainly be an advantage to the dining-room, of which we also make a morning sitting-room; but even an apartment that we only occupy at meal-time requires to be warm and cosy, and, for the "housekeeper of small income," this is an important consideration. In an English climate no room would be warm at the three separate hours of meal-time, but a room wherein a goodly fire burned all day, and the cost of this fire would be a matter of thought to the thrifty house-wife. And besides the fire-difficulty, would arise some difficulty of furnishing. Rush-bottomed chairs, with arms and without, the square of "warm carpet," the table, fender, fire-irons, and sideboard, will all cost something; and the picture of our children running wild with a distemper pot, in order that the walls of our meal-room may be provided with a green or blue wash, is, though amusing, somewhat alarming also.

But, with some inevitable and very pardonable faults, Mrs. Loftie's little treatise on the dining-room is really a clever, useful, and brightly-written book. Her eloquent scorn of fashionable knick-knacks, of the hideous designs in china-shops and on Brussels carpets, is really consoling to us, who have so often felt, but have never been able to express, our distress at these and similar enormities. Her quiet reproof to people who, on small incomes, think it necessary to buy Venetian glass and Oriental rugs, shows that her intention is really what she alleges it to be—that of showing us some cheap and easy means of art decoration at home. And in this she has succeeded well. Her reproof to the young housekeeper, who thinks an "æsthetic" dinner-table will stand her instead of a well-cooked dinner, is enforced by some hints on cooking—the baking of home-made bread, for instance, the making of coffee, and the buying of wine—which do not seem to us out of place, in their moderation, even in a work not treating of food. Her suggestions for the setting-out of luncheon and breakfast, though not altogether new to us, are good; but here, as in several other places, Mrs. Loftie forgets that she is writing for the "housekeeper of small income" when she suggests fruit and flowers on the table at every meal, and a great many "dainty arrangements" for holding preserves, stewed fruit, cream, and so forth. Mrs. Loftie's lady of small income may possibly, however, live in the country.

In chapters more exclusively on "the dining-room," several new and practical suggestions are given, although the cuts that illustrate them are not always very happily executed. A good notion for hanging pictures on a wooden cornice is on page 79, and some fair designs for gaseliers on pages 38 and 39. But Mrs. Loftie disapproves of gas, on the score both of health and beauty. We most heartily agree with her, but cannot fail to perceive its sometimes convenience. The table on p. 67 is, though pretty enough, very ill-suited in our opinion to a dining-table, on account of its maze of legs, among which our own would find no comfortable resting-place. Mrs. Loftie's notions upon table-linen we consider unpractical. Her dislike to the only obtainable designs in white damask goods is, of course, very just, and we should personally prefer unbleached cloths with pretty red borders, but an unstarched and totally limp tablecloth would not last a day unruffled, and is consequently ill-suited to the afore-mentioned lady of modest means. The piece of bright-coloured silk or embroidery whereon the dessert is isolated in the table's centre, is a very pretty notion, but one which the writer justly remarks that she has seen before. We feel sympathetically with Mrs. Loftie on the subject of the bad and lazy laundresses of the present day, and heartily should rejoice with her in the consummation of any such good project as a "well-officered" laundry, where linen would be washed with soap and water and the human hand.

Mrs. Loftie has done very wisely in presenting such good designs for pottery, glass, &c., to the uninitiated public as those by Messrs. Doulton and Powell. They are, of course, not new to many of us, any more than the designs for sideboards and tables are, but they are not for this the less good and invaluable. Might not the foolish ones among us, who do not read the book word by word, be confused, however, by the reproduction of bad furniture for a warning?

But when all's said, let us be grateful to Mrs. Loftie for many good and practical suggestions, for many a sound reproof of that which is foolish in the fancied pursuit of art. Let us remember her just horror of overcrowded rooms and blue-and-white saucers in doorways; let us fear, as she does, the over-enthusiastic art-rage, and take to heart her wise inventions about the warming of breakfast dishes for late breakfasters, the careful cleansing of brittle glass, the convenient uniting of small tables for large dinner-parties, and many other ingenuities for which this number of the "Art at Home" series is noteworthy.

LE NABAB.

Le Nabab. Mœurs Parisiennes. Par Alphonse Daudet. Paris: G. Charpentier.

Such a subject as a Nabob in Paris is certainly attractive, and it is not surprising that M. Daudet's last novel should have proved one of his most successful efforts. Of all the cities of the world, none is more romantic than Paris. For generations the romancers have felt this, and feel it as strongly now. "Paris semble, à mes yeux, un pays de romans;" this is their refrain; it had been singing in their ears before ever Corneille wrote it, and will cease only with the day when the Corneilles are forgotten. It was but a few months back that we heard Victorien Sardou's reply to a *confrère's* complaint: "There is no dearth of plots; the difficulty is to make truth appear true." M. Alphonse Daudet knows all this as well as any of his fraternity. He knows, too, the value of La Bruyère's words: "Il n'y a point d'année où les folies des hommes ne puissent fournir un volume de caractères." The task in 'Le Nabab' has been, not the spinning and unspinning of a plot, but to make Paris life during the Second Empire seem true.

For his purpose he has picked out leading public characters, with the daring of a Disraeli; and in the choice of some of their names seems almost to invite recognition of his models. The group includes, among others, François Bravay, a wealthy Egyptian contractor; the Duc de Morny; Dr. Olliffe, a fashionable physician; and M. Cavalho, the manager of the Opéra Comique. Of course, in handling these characters, M. Daudet has availed himself of the licence of the novelist, but this rather adds to than takes away from the interest, and the picture he presents is, on the whole, bold and true. Somebody said the other day that it was impossible that Dr. Jenkins should live with his mistress and, during so many years, should pass her off for his wife in the fashionable world, as the author has described. We can only say that it is within our personal knowledge that a certain officer at this very time holding high rank had no hesitation in conducting his mistress ostentatiously into the best circles of the city. It was *à la mode*, and all who were *à la mode* received the highest consideration.

This book, exposing as it does characters so well known, is the success of the day. Not only all Parisians, but all the reading world, are reading it, and stories about the various prototypes are being raked up, revived, and invented by those hungry birds of prey called *canardiers*. Of course public interest centres in François Bravay, the original of Jansoulet (Le Nabab), and it may be interesting to go a little into what is being said about the romantic career of this prince of *parvenus*, who described his own chequered life as spent half in the horrors of hunger, and half in the horrors of indigestion, little dreaming at the time he said it that, with all his wealth, he

would one day die of starvation. This François Bravay was a man of remarkable energy, and with that spirit of speculation that seems to win prizes by its very boldness. He is described as being ugly, and yet as having a winning look notwithstanding the savagery that a black face, thick lips, and staring eyes suggest; as ignorant but acute, vain, fond of flattery, and as taking delight in recounting the strife he went through before attaining to his enormous wealth. It was chiefly through the purchase of lands in Egypt, and through bold feats in speculation as contractor for that country, which he was appointed by Said Pasha, who first took him by the hand, that he amassed his fortune. He possessed that open-handed generosity that so often accompanies suddenly-acquired wealth, and coming to Paris when prodigality was the order of the day, he gave free rein to a passion for spending that has few parallels. Now Paris has always been more or less famous for its knights of industry, and at this time—when Badinguet was their chief—never were they perhaps in greater force, or kept higher holiday—above all, never did the Chevaliers d'Industrie de Grande Echelle enjoy wider immunities than during this Second Empire, when their patron and chief, the chief of the State, was playing his game of chance with all Europe—when it mattered little who joined his army of *affiliés*, peers or *prolétaires*, financiers or thieves, courtesans or *femmes du monde*, so that he could pose before the world—when it mattered little what were the means so that he gained his end; in the gay times when the arch-adventurer ruined honest men with his *coups de bourse* as calmly as he smoked his cigarette. Then it was for them all gala-days. So that when this foreign millionnaire appeared upon the scene, they swarmed about him from every corner of the city, out of the exquisite *salons* of the Chaussée d'Antin, out of the lowest *mansardes* of Montrouge—popular quacksalvers of the hour, *escrocs* of all degrees, noble cutpurses and gentle footpads—all, in a body, surrounded this child of fortune, who, by a chance wave in the tide of affairs, had been cast on Pactolian shores. Those bent on his ruin, too, were, according to a story that goes about, headed by the son of his friend and benefactor, Ismael Pasha. The story is this. The young prince had given his promise to settle a certain affair, and, when the time for settling arrived, refused to do so. This so enraged Bravay that, stamping the ground, he cried, "You don't behave like a prince; you have acted like a grocer." This was never forgiven, and, when the prince came to the throne, he carried out a long-cherished vow that he would ruin the millionaire. Little by little the fortunes of the Nabob fell; the crowd of trucklers that haunted his hotel dropped gradually away, while calumnies were sown broadcast to complete his ruin. They tried to invalidate his election as Deputy for Gard, and, among other hideous stories of their invention, was one to the effect that, during his early struggles in the city, he had taken up with a daughter of pleasure, and had lived on the revenues of her beauty. The end of the vile conspiracy was that he was obliged to go back to Egypt, and there try to mend his shattered fortune. Not long after his return, however, he died, and, on the authority of one who knew him well, "of worse than starvation."

These are the real facts upon which this novel is based, and, not being generally known, except to those who witnessed them, they may prove interesting to the many readers who are turning over the pages of the daring story of 'Le Nabab.'

MINOR NOTICES.

The Hindoo Pilgrims. By M. A. Sherring. (Trübner and Co.)—Any new work by the author of the 'Tribes and Castes of the Hindoos' and the well-known and admirable guide-book for Benares, is sure of a welcome by a wide section of Anglo-Indian readers. But we are reluctantly obliged to say that his present performance falls far short of the expectations that would naturally be formed of it. It is another illustration of the singular barrenness, flatness, insipidity, of Anglo-Indian poetry. The great dependency has produced English historians, essayists, and scholars in abundance, but not one genuine poet. Either we keep our poets at home, or, if any of them ever try India, their divine frenzy evaporates in the Red Sea heat. Singular, as we say, considering the infinite, poetic suggestion of the East. The first story which the Rev. Mr. Sherring has chosen for his pedestrian verse is an excellent subject for a heroic poem—or, at least, a warlike ballad. But the singer has spoiled it in his jingling couplets, which is all the more to be regretted, seeing how very well he could have told it in prose. It tells how the Chundel Rajpoots, driven by the Mahomedans from their ancestral lands, and having found refuge in the country of Mudun, chief of the Balunds, an aboriginal tribe, acquired the territory by treachery. Blind from age, and lying on his deathbed, Mudun was made to divulge the secret of the royal treasure to the Rajpoot chief's son, whom he supposed to be his own, and to bestow the paternal blessing upon him. This old Rajpoot legend bears a close resemblance to that of Isaac and his two sons Jacob and Esau, especially as, at the time of the stratagem, the Balund heir-apparent was engaged in deer-stalking, with the laudable object of procuring savoury venison for his father. The throne was regained by Mudun's grandson, Ghatum, who, again, was dispossessed by his dead rival's son, Orun; and the whole story is interspersed with many stirring episodes. Their poetic garb, however, is not only poor but tattered and insufficient. "Horn" does not rhyme with "dawn," nor "heir" with "Ajmere;" and the following couplet is decidedly disappointing:—

> The ruin the Rajpoots befell
> Was great, remorseless, terrible.

In another place, the same Rajpoots,

> With hands of blood and hearts of steel,
> Made the whole land in terror reel.

The following seems to reach the lowest depths of the commonplace:—

> The mystic saying, hard to comprehend,
> That the All-Powerful was their truest friend.

The foregoing selections are a fair specimen of Mr. Sherring's 125 pages of poetry. The idea, however, of the book is a good one, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Sherring may some day publish a prose volume of tales, illustrating the life of the *jogees*, and pilgrims of all kinds, who are perpetually wandering about India, from shrine to shrine, and some representatives of whom may at any time be met with at the ghats, and amidst the temples of "Kasee the Holy" (Benares). By interviewing the pilgrims at Benares—his own headquarters—he procured the materials for his book on the Tribes and Castes, which, in spite of its half-finished condition, is a notable monument of missionary work in India. It may not be out of place to indicate an inaccuracy in a foot-note to page 12. Tribenee is not a name for Allahabad, in the same way as Kasee is for Benares. As orthodox Hindoos call the holy city Kasee, so they call the city of Allah by its ancient Sanscrit name of Prayag; and by Tribenee they mean, solely, the sacred tri-junction of the Jumna, Ganges, and the vanished river Saraswati, which is fabled to flow below ground. The faithful, at the great yearly festival held on the spot, will tell you that the eddying and waving of the waters at the point where the Ganges and Jumna meet is caused by the uprush of the Saraswati.

Triplicate Papers on Triunities. By Alfred Fairfax Morgan. (Elliot Stock.)—This curious "paper" is recommended by the Bishop of Manchester as "an ingenious and, in many instances, novel attempt to illustrate one of the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith." Mr. Morgan cannot understand why some people find the doctrine of the Trinity so hard to believe. He finds trinities in unity everywhere—in the earth and the heavens, in the human body, in human institutions, in science, in heraldry—in everything. "Man's material system, popularly spoken of as 'flesh

and blood and bone,' is *thrice* permeated, as it were, in almost every part, with blood-vessels, nerves, and muscles, so that he can scarcely be touched, as by the prick of a pin, without all three of them being reached and affected. And is not his body robed in what may be called a *triple* covering? Does he not possess an outer, inner, and intermediate skin? He lives, only, as the *threefold* action of circulation, respiration, and digestion is constantly sustained. Solids, liquids, and air are his *triple* food. Are not his incisor, canine, and molar teeth adopted for a flesh, grain, and vegetable diet? And do they not indicate that what man eats is chiefly of three sorts?" Again, "is not the whole army composed of Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery? . . . Is there only accident in the national flora of Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle? Is it only a chance, that *three* feathers form the Prince of Wales' plume? Why are red, white, and blue, *three* colours in the British flag, selected to cheer sailors, and lead them on to victory or to death? Would not four flowers, or feathers, or colours, or any other number, serve the same purpose? No! There is a magic in the number *three*, and the reason of it should be explained; and if the explanation now suggested is rejected, some other should be furnished." Bishop Fraser's theological reading cannot be very extensive if he sees any novelty in this kind of reasoning, and he will hardly increase his reputation by vouching for Mr. Morgan's profane ingenuities as a proof that "a doctrine which is sometimes represented as contradictory to reason, has its almost innumerable illustrations and counterparts." If the doctrine of the Trinity is to be rested on "illustrations and counterparts" in Nature, a high dignitary in the Church ought to know that the required illustration is not "three men in one cart," but one man in three carts. Still, those who do not think Mr. Morgan's "triplicate paper" profane will find it very funny.

Biology. By Dr. Charles Letourneau. Translated by William McCall. (Chapman and Hall.) (The Library of Contemporary Science.)—In noticing the first volume of this series we expressed a hope that the other volumes would suffer less than the first from their French origin, and we assumed that the translators would be well chosen. This latter assumption unfortunately was premature. It would be difficult for anybody, and in a schoolboy it would be criminal, to produce such a translation as this. The only possible way of arriving at anything like the meaning of many passages is by retranslating them into French, and even this process is not always successful. In every page we encounter such barbarous words as "significative," "retardment," "sectionised," "humected." The way in which Mr. McCall deals with the very simplest French idioms is well exemplified by the following passage:—"On the other hand, at the outset of their embryological existence, the beings the most complex, the superior animals, man not excepted, commence by being monocellular, then pass through the polycellular state the most rudimentary; finally, in a last period, their histological elements differentiate." The translator apparently knows nothing of chemistry, as "chlorure" is used throughout the book for "chloride," "chlorohydric acid" for "hydrochloric acid," and "azote" for "nitrogen," the symbol *Az* being retained in the formulæ instead of being replaced by the English symbol N, and the chemical formulæ generally being left in a very unsatisfactory state. Mr. McCall's knowledge of physics may be judged of the fact that the air-pump is called by him the "pneumatic machine." A work which has every appearance of being valuable has been entrusted to a translator who apparently is not well acquainted with either French, English, chemistry, physics, or biology.

Oregon: Its Resources, Climate, People, and Productions. By H. N. Moseley. (Stanford.)—Mr. Moseley was led to write about Oregon by a visit which he paid to the State last autumn, but his little volume contains little to interest the general reader of books of travel. It is not, indeed, intended for the general reader, but for geographers, statisticians, and, above all, possible emigrants. This last class of readers will find here much information, carefully collected from official documents, with such verification as Mr. Moseley has been able to give them from his short personal experience, regarding the climate, the products, the railroads, the markets of this agricultural state, and the openings it affords for labour and capital. Land, it seems, is still to be had in Oregon for nothing, although "it is astonishing to the traveller in Oregon to observe the extent to which all flat bottom lands, even in remote valleys, have been sought out and taken up by settlers." The most commendable feature in Mr. Moseley's book is that he does not try to lure emigrants by too glowing prospects, and gives fair prominence to the difficulties in the way of the settler. It may be accepted as a very complete and trustworthy guide to this field for the agricultural emigrant.

DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—"TWELFTH NIGHT."

We doubt whether it is possible to reproduce the more delicate side of Shakespeare's comedies on the stage. Precisely those parts which we love most to read, are those which least bear representation. The perfume is too ethereal to live amidst the glare and bustle of the public stage. *As You Like It* and *Much Ado About Nothing* are the comedies which may still be said to keep their place as acting plays, and in them the chief interest does not lie in the love-making; there is animated action in the one and brilliant word-sparring in the other to engage the attention of the audience. But in other comedies, the sentimental side, however exquisite in private reading, is felt to be a weariness on the stage. The *Merchant of Venice* was recently played at the Prince of Wales's Theatre as a comedy, with due respect to the prominence of the lovers Portia and Bassanio, Jessica and Lorenzo; but the Shylock was weak, and the revival was a failure. The play lives only in and through Shylock; and the customary lopping off of the fifth act, which destroys it as a comedy, increases its effectiveness as an acting play. *The Taming of the Shrew* survives in a mutilated form as a farcial afterpiece; all the tender under-plot has been sacrificed. *Midsummer Night's Dream* is played only to give ambitious actors an opportunity of showing what they can do with Bottom. Even *Twelfth Night*, the most exquisite and perfectly proportioned of all Shakespeare's comedies, has not always been played in its entirety. When it was reproduced at the Restoration, only enough of the romantic plot was left to afford a peg for the humours of Sir Toby Belch and Malvolio.

It is less difficult to understand why the delicate sentiment of the serious parts of *Twelfth Night* became obsolete than to imagine how they were ever popular. The sentiment is not of a kind that can be realised in a crowd. The explanation of its being applauded on the Elizabethan stage, if it was applauded and not merely tolerated, probably is that it was the fashion in those days for gallants to make love in such a strain. In all likelihood we owe the exquisite poetry of *Twelfth Night* to the influence of the Maiden Queen. It is too remote from real life to meet with much sympathy, however well rendered, in an age which sees the reflection of its tender sentiment in the "spooning" of Mr. T. W. Robertson. Perhaps the very highest acting could win admiration for the "quite too awfully delicious" speeches of that paragon of lovers, the Duke Orsino, but from the mouth of an ordinary elocutionist, in fantastic raiment, and under the glare of the footlights, they fall flat and dead as champagne which had been uncorked for two hundred years.

Very little fault is to be found with the revival of *Twelfth Night* at the Haymarket except that it is not represented by actors of surpassing genius, the one

thing necessary to ensure complete success in a play of Shakespeare's which is not a "one-part" play. Perhaps the most successful feature in Miss Neilson's representation of Viola, is the skill with which she imitates the bearing of Mr. Conway, who personates her brother and double, Sebastian. This is so perfect that, in spite of the difference of stature, it is really made conceivable that the one could be mistaken for the other, which says much for the gracefulness of both. Except in gracefulness of carriage, Miss Neilson is not an ideal Viola. She has not the intensity which belongs to most of Shakespeare's heroines, and her elocution is much too uniform, the musical rhythm of her sentences not always being in perfect coincidence with the meaning. Mr. Kyrle does everything for the Duke that can be done by careful articulation, but he has hardly the majesty of demeanour which we expect to see associated with such a title. Mr. Kyrle's acting is excellent, and his speeches are well delivered, but there is a certain indefinable want of dignity in his appearance as he stalks through the curtains after impressive way has been made for his entry by two smart pages; we feel somehow that his love-sick utterances would be more effective if he were attired in a modern dress. The comic scenes in the play are rendered with great spirit. There is much that is excellent in Mr. Harcourt's impersonation of Sir Andrew Aguecheek; the character suffers only from being occasionally overdone. The most objectionable thing in Mr. Harcourt's performance is a strange liberty which he takes with the text. Instead of saying "I'm a fellow of the strangest mind in the world," he makes Sir Andrew say "I'm a fellow of the strongest mind in the world," a singularly wooden perversion of the dramatist's meaning. Still, Mr. Harcourt has evidently given thought to his rendering of Sir Andrew, as is shown by many ingenious bits of "business;" and on the whole his acting is the most original and unhackneyed in the cast. The most natural, spontaneous, and thoroughly enjoyable is Miss Kate Phillips's Maria. For the rest of the company the utmost that can be said is that their performances are respectably good.

VARIORUM NOTES.

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Those who have in their youth perused the works of the late Pierce Egan can hardly gaze at the Government bench in the House of Lords without having recalled to them some familiar characters in those masterly fictions. Who, for instance, can fail to see, in the present First Lord of the Treasury, and his two usual supporters in the heraldic sense, the three heroes of 'Life in London?' Gay, sprightly, and curly, full of quips and cranks, ready for any exploit, whether a sail up the Dardanelles or an agricultural dinner, the Prime Minister is the living image of Corinthian Tom. On one side of him there sits he whom Egan terms the "Oxonian," the austere Secretary for India, occasionally, however, like his prototype, Bob Logic, ready for a joke, practical or otherwise. And, in the President of the Council, who would not recognise the simple and faithful companion and victim of their sprees, the honest, beaming, bucolic Jerry Hawthorn.

It is reported, but we cannot vouch for the exactitude of the report, that a deputation from the Society for the Encouragement of Italian Organs has waited upon a certain magistrate, to thank him for his prompt suppression of the dastardly attempt, on the part of the inhabitants of Bedford Square, to oppose the right of Italian organmen to grind out as much noise as they like in defiance of a tyrannical law. The spokesman of the deputation was, according to our informant, a retired brigand, who, after the magistrate had with much emotion expressed his gratification at the visit of the deputation, gave a short account of his life, much to the worthy magistrate's delight. He had left his former calling because, though a man of undoubted bravery, he did not like needless risks, and preferred insolent extortion to rude violence on purely moral grounds. He felt now that had he cause to believe the administration of the law in the case of his beloved comrade was typical, he might be tempted to take up his old trade again in London. Meanwhile he had the honour of presenting, in the name of the deputation to their illustrious host, a handsome barrel-organ, fitted with several tunes, specially adapted to the toilet. It had been suggested that the organ should be accompanied with a performing monkey, but this had been considered unnecessary for reasons into which he need not go. The honest fellow then shook hands with the worthy magistrate, who was much affected, and the deputation withdrew to the music of several barrel-organs playing different tunes.

Last week we quoted a piece of criticism on Niagara which appeared to us unassailable. As a contrast to this, the following observation, made by one of the audience at *The Bells*, may be taken. The words were spoken after one of Mr. Irving's most daring and powerful expressions of emotion in gesture, and were accompanied with a kind of defiant giggle. They were these:—"If anyone jangled my bells like that!" It has been pointed out of late, in more than one quarter, that a modern audience resents nothing so much as an attack upon its emotions, and when one reflects that people in the stalls (the pit is free from such affectation and ignorance) are constantly to be heard making such absolutely appalling remarks as that just quoted, one need not wonder that managers are a little shy of producing pieces of strong interest unless they have the *cachet* of a success abroad.

A far more healthy tone than this of a vain and impotent desire to be inaccessible to all feeling belonged to the remark made by one of the pit audience to his neighbour during the first two scenes of *Romeo and Juliet*:—"There seems to be a deal of bad blood between these two families."

This reminds us of the latest discovery of the Newest Shakspear Society. The bard, it would appear, was a devout Ultramontane, and was only prevented from undertaking a pilgrimage to Jerusalem by the length of time which he spent in chemical study in order to fully realise the character of the apothecary. How else could he have given so accurate a description of a holy palmer's kiss?

The death is announced of the Alsatian artist, Théophile Schuler, who died on the 4th instant at Strasbourg. After the events of 1870, he retired to Neuchâtel, and married there; but that nostalgia which seems more incident to the inhabitants of Alsace than to any other people, drove him back to his native air to die. Schuler is perhaps best known by his illustrations to the novels of Erckmann-Chatrian, with whom his name is connected as closely as that of Cruikshank with Dickens. On this work he was engaged almost exclusively during the last ten years of his life. He was born in 1822. The French critics place him by the side of Johannot and Raffet in the first rank of contemporary illustrators.

The late George Cruikshank was, up to his death, a man of great bodily activity. Not many weeks before his death, he was with some friends, one of whom communicated a piece of good news to him. Cruikshank declared himself to be so delighted that he could dance a hornpipe for joy, and, on one of the company questioning his ability to perform the feat, he proved that he could by getting up and performing a hornpipe that would have done credit to a young man, and was a truly surprising performance for a veteran of eighty-six.

The disappearance of the "Bell" of Edmonton will cause many people scarcely less regret than did the desecration of the "Tabard" Inn some couple of years ago. It is true that the present "Bell" of Edmonton is not the identical hostelry from which Mrs. Gilpin beheld her spouse pursue his wild way to Ware, but association, which sanctifies all things, has connected it with Cowper's poem just as firmly as if it were. Beliefs of this kind should not be investigated too scientifically. The Londoners who still make pilgrimage to the "Bell" of Edmonton, and above all the Americans, to whom it is one of many Meccas, will be sincerely sorry if it ceases to exist.

The action of the authorities of Christ's Hospital, in allowing any lady who gives 500*l.* to become a donation governor of the institution, is certainly to be commended. It is not easy to follow the reasoning which could assume a woman capable of giving 500*l.* to a charitable institution, and yet assume her incapable of becoming one of its governors.

In our recent hill warfare with the Afreedees, we have been utilising some of the native local population for subordinate garrison duty at the hill forts. These locals love fighting; that is their chief reason for assailing us; and if they can be found employment, to fight for us for money, they prefer it to fighting against us for love. An officer on duty at a fort pointed out to a sentry a particular native that had, among many others, been skulking round the fort all day, evidently with no good intent. "I see him, Sar," said the sentry; "I had two shot at him already, but he dam hard to hit; he the hardest man to hit I know!" "Oh! you know him, then, do you?" asked the officer. "Oh, yes, Sar, I know the dam rascal well; I been trying to shoot him all the week." "Who is he? What's his name?" "The dam old rascal—he my father."

Some linguists aver that the English language is the hardest to learn of any, not even excepting Chinese. Its chief characteristics are, however, easily acquired, even by savages. An officer in the army, one of Sir Garnet Wolseley's "special service" officers in the late Ashantee War, being appointed, on landing, to a Houssa company, cast about for an interpreter. A Fantee native of eminence promptly volunteered for the post. "Do you understand English?" asked the officer. The nigger grinned with self-complacency. "Speak Inglees! yah, yah, dam, dam—God dam—dam fool." And he waited for commendation. It was all that he knew of the language, and he went away with a deep sense of injustice at not obtaining the appointment.

The spread of science is indeed a wondrous thing, and showers benefits alike upon the proud professor and the lowly swindler. The latest defence set up by a person who, in tossing for money, was detected in reversing the face of the coin used to suit his own ends, was that it was an act of unconscious cerebration. He added, that when he found himself doing this, he always thought it was time to leave off. In this the bystanders agreed with him.

Can there be any truth in the assertion that the derivation of the word bolster is simply poll-stair, a support for the poll? To be sure, one can believe anything, remembering the history of the term *sucre d'orge*, which is arrived at by these steps—*Sucre brûlé*, burly sugar, barley sugar, *sucre d'orge*.

Montgoméry, the French actor, played Satan in bare legs. It is said that the distinguished playwright who is about to appear in the amateur pantomime at the Gaiety, might, as a result of his arduous studies for the part, safely appear as harlequin in the same costume.

Several serious accidents have lately occurred in private life in consequence of rash attempts on the part of people who have seen *The Sorcerer* to imitate Mr. Grossmith's run round with the teapot.

New York certainly bears off the palm for ingenious advertisements. The New York *Christian Advocate* thus touts for subscriptions, by saying to its readers:—"Your mother read the *Christian Advocate* before you were born, and read it many a day as she rocked and hummed you to sleep. She has gone late home to heaven. This year's *Advocate* can guide your feet safely to that same heaven. Brother, can you afford to hush these memories and quench this light for 2 dols. 70 cents?"

The committee of a provincial public library were lately thrown into much perplexity and some alarm by a proposal of one of their members to adopt a new mode for the prevention of infection. Disease, it was represented by this member, was constantly imported into families through the medium of books from the library, and he therefore gravely recommended that every volume, as it was brought into the library, should be baked. The motion was not carried, as, all other objections apart, it would be hardly possible to keep a sufficient number of ovens or furnaces "going" on the premises, in order to carry out the baking process. Mr. Mudie, we fancy, would find it rather difficult, from three to five o'clock every afternoon, to bake each volume given in by one subscriber while other impatient persons were waiting for it.

The amenities of journalism are agreeably illustrated in a recent number of one of the new weeklies, which describes Bismarck as "the greatest knave in Europe," speaks of Mr. William Morris as "the gentleman who makes verses of which no one can remember a single line, and wall-paper which has already become a nuisance," and contains a letter asking why a statue has been erected to John Stuart Mill. This letter concludes by saying:—"If every man who has endeavoured to outrage the religious sentiments of his countrymen, and advocated Atheism in its most debased form, is to be thus honoured, why limit the selection to a man whose very autobiography is fatal to any claims that he might otherwise have had to ordinary respect?"

In consequence of the recent success of *Hernani* at the Théâtre Français, Verdi's opera *Ernani*, which has not been played in Paris for twelve years, will be revived there to-night at the Théâtre-Italien. The principal parts will be sustained by Mme. Maria Durand, M. Pandolfini, and a new tenor, M. Cappelletti, who makes his *début*.

It is said that efforts are being made for the London representation of *Le Petit Duc*, the new success at the Renaissance, and that we may shortly hope to see it on the London stage.

Mr. William Black's new novel, 'Macleod of Dare,' is appearing in New York, in *Harper's Magazine*.

We understand that Mr. William Black is to contribute a volume on "Goldsmith" to Messrs. Macmillan and Co.'s forthcoming series of 'English Men of Letters,' edited by Mr. John Morley.

Professor W. Stanley Jevons has in the press a primer of Political Economy, which will appear in Messrs. Macmillan and Co.'s series of Science Primers, edited by Professors Huxley, Roscoe, and Balfour Stewart.

Mr. Du Maurier is engaged upon a series of new illustrations to Thackeray's 'Esmond,' supplemental to his already well-known drawings. They will appear in the *édition de luxe* of Thackeray's works, to be published by Messrs. Smith and Elder, next June.

Mr. Clifford Harrison will give a reading next week at St. George's Hall.

The Index Society is preparing elaborate indices to the literature of Political Economy and Botany.

Mr. Coghlan has appeared at New York as Jean Renaud, in *A Celebrated Case*. The critic of the *New York Herald*, it is said, speaks unfavourably of the performance, but the audience is said to have been enthusiastic.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Adams, W. H. D.—Women of Fashion. In 2 vols. (Demy 8vo, pp. 403, 395.) Tinsley Brothers. 24*s.*

Æneid of Virgil. Books I. and II. Edited by F. Storr, B.A. (Crown 8vo, pp. 115.) Rivingtons.

Bagot, Alan.—Accidents in Mines. (Crown 8vo, pp. 177.) C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Baker, H. B.—Strafford. A Romance. In 3 vols. (Crown 8vo.) Tinsley Brothers. 31*s.* 6*d.*

Bartley, George C. T.—Domestic Economy, Thrift in Every-day Life. (Small 8vo, pp. 259.) C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Chaucer's Poetical Works.—Edited by Robert Bell. In 4 vols. (Crown 8vo.) George Bell and Sons. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Elloart, Ernest.—The Laws Relating to Women. (Crown 8vo, pp. 44.) Waterlow and Sons. 1*s.*

Gostwick, Joseph.—English Grammar, Historical and Analytical. (Crown 8vo, pp. 472.) Longmans.

Granville, Dr. Mortimer.—Minds and Moods. (Fcap. 8vo, pp. 91.) H. Renshaw.

Hibberd, Shirley.—The Amateur's Kitchen Garden. (Crown 8vo, pp. 306.) Groombridge and Sons.

Hulme, F. Edward, F.L.S.—Bards and Blossoms. (4to, pp. 232.) Marcus Ward and Co.

John Orlebar.—By the Author of "Culmshire Folk." (Crown 8vo.) Smith, Elder, and Co.

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